

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## ROSARIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

All the long summer day's delicious hours,  
When solitude brought loneliness to me,  
I made my rosaries of the fairest flowers,  
And linked to each some memory of thee.

And when with twilight, day with darkness  
blended,  
'Twas sweet to tell them as the bright hours  
passed;  
Glad was my heart when one more day was  
ended,  
Knowing love's penance would be o'er at last.

Ah, it was joy to think of thee, my sweet!  
My soul had striven a holy cross to bear,  
To turn from thee—to heaven,—yet, plous cheat,  
Even then thy name was whispered in its  
prayer.

Yet then I knew not how to rightly fashion  
The cross that should the rosary complete;  
Knowing no pang but parting's gentle passion,  
And absence made the advent still more sweet.

Yet now has come my certain retribution,  
The rosary broken at the ruined shrine,—  
Oh, heart! that felt its sudden dissolution,  
The thrill that loosed its cords has broken  
thine.

Now my sad chain I make of retrospection,  
Intangible beads of vain regrets to wear;  
The memories of a dead and lost affection,  
Henceforth to heaven my bitter orisons bear.

Thy love's pure pearls that vainly have been cast  
Beneath the trampling feet of doubts and fears,  
Now 'mid the dust and ashes of the Past,  
I sorrowing seek them, washing them with  
tears.

With those I gather, stained and crushed and  
broken—  
Strung with the ruby drops this sad heart  
bleeds,  
And retribution's cross of pain unspoken—  
Again repentant, shall I tell my beads.

HARRIETTE F. BARBER.

## THE MYSTERY;

OR,

### The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTER,"  
"DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE  
RED COURT FARM," & C.

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trict of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER III.

THE TABLE IN THE HALL.

"Are you there, you little imp?"

The words were Mr. Edwin Barley's. As  
the breath went out of Philip King's body,  
Edwin Barley quietly let his head, which he  
had been in the act of raising, fall again, and  
stood there looking down upon him, a soft  
noise, something like a whistle, proceeding  
from his lips. He raised his hands and  
seemed to feel them, and then, setting his gun  
to lodge against a tree, he knelt down and  
put his ear to his mouth. Then he rose, and  
was turning away when he saw me. A half  
start of surprise, and he spoke the above  
words.

I cried and shook, but was too terrified to  
give any other answer.

"What were you doing here in the  
wood?"

"I lost my way and could not get out,  
sir," I sobbed, trembling lest he should press  
for further details. "That gentleman saw  
me, and was saying he would show me the  
way, when he fell."

"Had he been here long?"

"I don't know. I was crying, and not  
looking up. It was only a minute ago that I  
saw him standing there."

"Did you see who fired the shot?"

"Oh, no."

He laid hold of me, drew me along a few  
steps, and showed me one of the paths.

"Run straight along there, and you will  
come out in view of the house; you know  
your way then. Tell Charlotte Delves what  
has occurred, that Philip King is dead, has  
been shot; and that she must send help to  
carry him home. She must also send to Hal-  
lam for the doctor, and for the police. Can  
you remember that?"

I said I could; anything to get away from  
him; but in truth I was too agitated to best  
distinctly. I was speeding along and had got  
some trifling distance, when an arm was  
stretched out from the trees to stay me; there  
stood George Henegage, his finger on his lips  
to impose silence and caution, and his face  
looking as I had never seen it look before,  
white as death.

"Whose voice is that?" he whispered.

"Mr. Edwin Barley's. Oh, sir, don't stop  
me; I am afraid; Mr. King is dead."

"Is it sure?"

The adoration of fire was enjoined on the  
people by the Druids, as necessary to their  
acceptance with the gods. They taught them  
to worship both sun and moon; the kindling  
of huge fires at the beginning of summer and  
the close of autumn, was one of the ordi-  
nances of their faith. They likewise wor-  
shipped water; indeed it is probable that they  
worshipped all the powers of Nature. Amongst  
other things they adored the serpent, and  
regarded with peculiar veneration the angu-  
inum, or serpent's egg, about which a  
grotesque story was told, which Philip has  
recorded.

As to the form of worship, very little is  
known with certainty, but it appears that they  
held their services in the open air, within  
enclosures of huge stone—rude, gigantic  
altars; that they assembled on certain days  
of festivals in immense numbers; that in-  
vocations were offered by the priests moving  
round the altars from east to west, in imi-  
tation of the sun. On other occasions they met  
for solemn sacrifice, and indulged in the most  
horrid and degrading rites, shooting some of  
their victims with arrows, impaling and cru-  
cifying others, but consuming the large ma-  
jority in an image of wicker work, as an ac-  
ceptable offering to the gods.

The most interesting remains of the Druid-  
ical worship are found at Carnac in France  
and Stonehenge in England. The accom-  
panying engraving represents the latter as it  
probably appeared two thousand years ago.  
The scattered stones sufficiently define both the  
extent and figure of the original structure, to  
enable the artist to prepare a "restored" view.  
The Celtic stones at Stonehenge are group-  
ed in the centre of a field, and were originally  
disposed so as to form two circles and two

ovals. The external circle is about three  
hundred feet in circumference, and composed  
of enormous upright stones supporting others,  
which form a sort of architrave. There were  
originally thirty of these stones, ten of which,  
we believe, are still remaining. The inner  
circle is composed of smaller stones, about  
eight feet inside the outer circle. These stones  
are supposed to have been forty in number.  
Within these two circles were two ovals—one  
of lofty upright stones, and another of smaller  
stones, forming the innermost sanctuary.

These very curious remains have suffered  
both from time and tourists—formerly, much  
damage was done by visitors, anxious to  
carry away a memento of their visit. We  
are glad to find that these practices have been  
discontinued; and Stonehenge will probably  
bear witness for many centuries to the faith  
of the Druids.

A strange sort of noise broke from her. It  
was not a scream, it was not a groan; it re-  
sembled more a moan of pain, mingled with  
terror, and in sound was not unlike the bark  
of a dog.

"Who did it?" she shivered.

"You."

"I?" came from her ashy lips. "Are you  
going mad, Mr. Barley?"

"It has come from your work, if you did  
not positively draw the trigger. I hope you  
are satisfied with it."

Charlotte Delves came forward with the  
wine-glass and a teaspoon. Mr. Barley filled  
the spoon and attempted to pour it down the  
throat of Philip King. Mrs. Barley shudder-  
ed, drew away, sat down upon the lower  
step of the stairs, and bent her face upon her  
knees.

"Was it an accident, or—done delib-  
erately?" inquired Charlotte Delves, as she  
stood by him.

"It was deliberate murder."

"By—by whom?"

"It is of no use, Charlotte," was all he  
said, giving her back the teaspoon. "He is  
quite dead."

Hasty footsteps were heard coming along  
the avenue, and then running up the steps to  
the door. They proved to be those of Mr.  
Lowe, the surgeon from Hallam.

"I was walking over to Smith's, to dine,  
Mr. Edwin Barley, and met one of your lab-  
orers here by the gate," he exclaimed, in a  
loud tone, as he entered. "He said some ac-  
cident had happened to young King."

"Accident enough," said Mr. Edwin Bar-  
ley. "Here he lies."

For a few moments nothing more was said.  
Mr. Lowe was stooping over the table, and I  
saw my Aunt Selina lift her head, and look  
and listen eagerly.

"I was trying to give him some brandy  
when you came in," observed Mr. Edwin Bar-  
ley.

"He'll never take brandy or any thing  
else again," was the reply of Mr. Lowe. "He  
is dead."

"As I feared. Was as sure of it, in fact, as  
a non-professional man can well be. I be-  
lieve that he died in the wood, a minute or  
two after the shot was fired."

"Who fired it?—what were the circum-  
stances?"

"I'll tell you all I know. We had been out  
shooting, he, I and Henegage. He and Henegage  
were not upon cordial terms; had been  
sour, crabbed with each other all day. Com-  
ing home, Henegage dropped us; whether to  
go forward or to lag behind, I am unable to  
say. After that, we met Smith—as he can  
tell you, if you are going to his house. He  
stopped me about that right of common busi-  
ness, and began discussing what would be

the better mode of our proceeding against  
the fellows. Philip King, whom it did not  
interest, said he should go on, and Smith and  
I sat down on the bench outside the beer-  
shop, and called for a pint of cider. Half-an-  
hour we may have sat there, and then I start-  
ed for home through the wood, which cuts off  
the corner—"

"Philip King having gone forward, as you  
say."

"Of course. I was nearly through it, when  
I heard a movement not far off, and a gun  
was fired. A terrible scream, a man's scream,  
succeeded, and looking in its direction, I dis-  
cerned Philip King. He leaped up with the  
scream, and then fell to the ground. I went  
to his succor, and asked who had done it—

"George Henegage," was his answer; he had  
seen him raise his gun, take aim, and fire  
upon him."

An impulse prompted me to interrupt: to  
say that Mr. Edwin Barley's words went be-  
yond the truth. All that Philip King had  
said was, that he saw George Henegage, saw  
him stand there. But fear was more power-  
ful than impulse, and I remained silent—

How could I dare contradict Mr. Edwin Bar-  
ley?

"It must have been an accident," said Mr.  
Lowe; "Mr. Henegage must have aimed at a  
bird."

"Oh, dear, no; it was deliberate murder,  
there's no doubt. My ward swore it to me  
with his dying lips. They were his own  
words. I expressed a doubt, as you are do-  
ing. 'It was Henegage,' he said; 'I tell you  
with my dying lips.' A bad man!—a vil-  
lain!" Mr. Barley emphatically added: "An-  
other day or two, and I should have kicked  
him out of my house; I waited but a decent  
pretext."

"If he is that, why did you have him in  
it?" asked the surgeon.

"Because it is but recently that my eyes  
have been opened to him. This poor fellow,"  
pointing to the dead, "was the one to lift  
their scales in the first instance. Pity the  
other is not the one lying here; he would be,  
did he have his deserts."

Wild sobs of hysterical emotion broke at  
this moment from the foot of the stairs. They  
came from my aunt Selina, who was affected  
in a similar way to what I had been, only  
more violently.

"What's that?" cried the surgeon, turning  
hastily round.

And Charlotte Delves came running for-  
ward saying that Mrs. Edwin was in hys-  
terics.

"She has just seen his face here, and was  
frightened at it," observed Mr. Edwin Barley  
to the surgeon.

Mr. Lowe wished to persuade her to retire  
from the scene, but she would not, and there  
she sat on, growing calm by degrees. The  
surgeon measured something in a teaspoon  
into a wine-glass, filled it up with cold water,  
and made her drink it. Then he took his  
leave, saying that he would call in again in  
the course of the evening. Not a minute had  
he been gone when Mr. Martin burst into the  
hall.

"What is this report?" he cried in agita-  
tion. "People are saying that Philip King is  
killed."

"They might have said murdered," said  
Mr. Edwin Barley. "Henegage shot him in  
the wood."

"Henegage?"

"Henegage. Took aim, and fired at him,  
and killed him. There never was a case of  
more deliberate murder."

"Poor fellow!" said the clergyman gently,  
as he leaned over him and touched his face.  
"I have seen for some days they were not  
cordial, what ill blood could have been be-  
tween them?"

"Henegage had better explain that, when  
he makes his defence," said Mr. Edwin Barley,  
grimly.

"It is but a night or two ago that we were  
speculating on his health, upon his taking a  
profession; we might have spared ourselves  
the pains, poor fellow. I asked you who was his  
heir at law, little thinking another would so  
soon inherit."

Mr. Edwin Barley made no reply.

"Why—good heavens!—is that Mrs. Edwin,  
sitting there?" he inquired in a low tone, as  
his eyes fell on the distant stairs.

"She won't move away. These things do  
terrify women. Don't notice her, Martin;  
she will be better left to herself."

"Upon my word, this is a startling and  
sudden blow. But you must surely be mis-  
taken, in calling it murder."

"There's no mistake about it. It was willful  
murder; and I will pursue him to the death."

"Have you secured him. If it really is  
murder, he ought to meet his deserts. Where  
is he?"

Mr. Barley broke out with an ugly word.  
It was a positive fact—account for it how you  
will—that until that moment he had never  
given a thought to the securing George Henegage.

"What a fool I have been!" he ut-  
tered, "what an idiot! He has had time to  
escape."

"He cannot have escaped far."

"Stay here will you, Martin. I'll send the

laborers after him: he may be hiding in the  
wood till the night's darker."

Mr. Edwin Barley hastened from the hall,  
and the clergyman bent over the table again.  
I had my face turned to him, and was scarce-  
ly conscious, until it had passed of something  
dark that glided from the back of the hall and  
followed Mr. Barley out. With him gone, to  
whom I had taken so unaccountable a dislike  
and dread, it was my favorable moment for  
escape, and I was about to get out how I best  
could, when another scream of terror broke  
from me and betrayed my hiding place.

At what? will be asked. Simply at this.  
In moving I put my hand to the ground on  
the flags beyond the mat, and found it wet.  
Something had dropped from the table and  
trickled towards me which had dyed my  
fingers red. The clergyman turned sharply  
round at the scream.

"I declare it is little Miss Hereford!" he ex-  
claimed very kindly. "What brought you  
there, my dear?"

I sobbed out the explanation. That I had  
crouched down in the shade before they  
brought that in, and then I was afraid to  
move. "Don't tell, sir, please, for Mr. Barley  
to be angry with me; don't tell him I was  
there."

"He would not be angry at a little girl's  
very natural fears," he answered, stroking my  
hair: "who could be? But I will not tell  
him. Will you stay by your aunt, Mrs. Edwin  
Barley?"

"Yes please, sir."

"But where is Mrs. Edwin?" he resumed,  
as he went on, for the stairs were empty.

"I was wondering too," said Charlotte  
Delves, who stood at the dining room door.  
"A minute ago she was there. I turned in to  
the room for a moment and when I came  
back she was gone."

"She must have gone up stairs, Miss  
Delves."

"I suppose she has, Mr. Martin," was Miss  
Delves' reply. But a thought came over me  
that it must have been Mrs. Edwin Barley  
who had glided out at the hall door.

And, in point of fact, it was. She was  
sought for up stairs and could not be found;  
she was sought for down. Whether had she  
gone? On what errand was she bent? One  
of those raw damp fogs, prevalent in the  
autumn months, had come on, making the air  
as wet as if it had rained, and she had no out-  
door things on, no bonnet, and her black silk  
dinner dress had a low body and short sleeves.  
Whether could she have gone?

Not far from the staircase was a door open-  
ing to a passage which led to the kitchen and  
other domestic offices. Peeping in at this  
door, was the head of Jemima. I ran out and  
laid hold of her.

"Oh, Jemima, let me stop by you!"

"Hark!" she whispered, putting her arm  
round me. "There's some horses a galloping  
up to the house."

Two police officers, mounted. They gave  
their horses in charge to one of the men ser-  
vants and came into the hall, the sabrards of  
their swords clanking against the steps.

"I don't like the look of them sort of  
gentry," whispered Jemima. "Let's go away."

In the kitchen were Sarah and the cook;  
the latter a tall, stout woman with a rosy  
cheek and black eyes. Her chief concern seem-  
ed to be for the dinner.

"Look here," she exclaimed to Jemima as  
she stood over her saucepans, "every thing's  
a spline. Who's to know whether they'll  
have it served in one hour or in two?"

"I should think they wouldn't have it  
served at all," returned Jemima. "That  
sight in the hall's enough dinner for them to-  
day, one would suppose. The police are come  
now."

"It is a sickener," said the cook. "I know  
in going after it, worse luck to me, and see-  
ing of it, it took everything else clean out of  
my head. I forgot my sobs were on the fire,  
and when I got back then they were burnt  
to the pan. I wish to goodness they'd either  
have dinner, or contentment, it, keeping me  
at six and seven, like this. I want to wash  
up and get the kitchen clear."

"Listen!" interrupted Sarah. "Here's  
somebody coming. It's that Charlotte  
Delves."

Miss Delves entered, and the cook appealed  
to her about the dinner.

"It won't be eatable, miss, if it's kept much  
longer. Some of the dishes is half cold, and  
some's dried up to a scratchin'."

"There's no help for it, cook; you must  
manage it in the best way you can," was her  
reply. "It is a dreadful thing to have hap-  
pened, but I suppose dinner must be served  
all the same for the master and Mrs. Edwin."

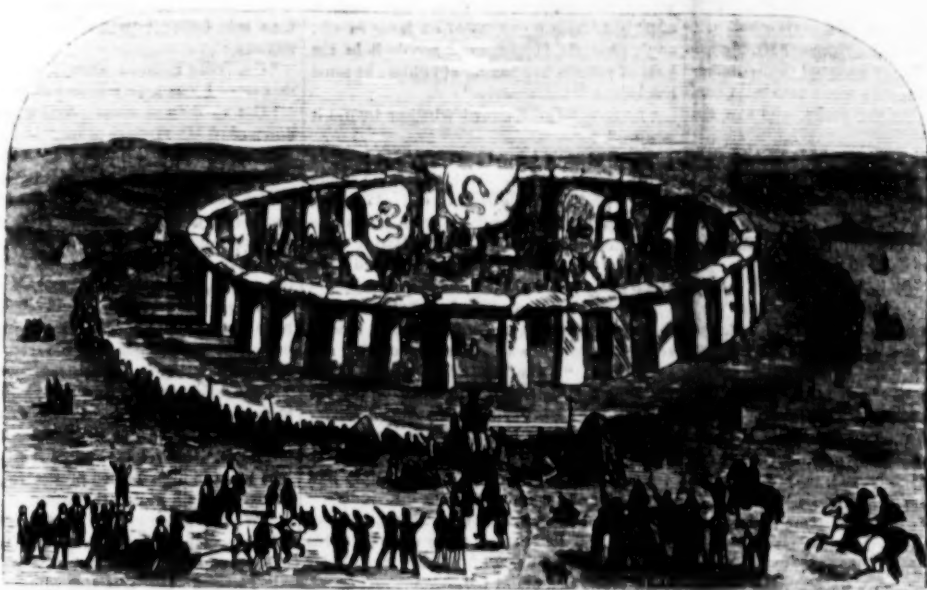
"Miss Delves, is it true what they are say-  
ing—that it was Mr. Henegage who did it?"  
inquired Sarah.

"Suppose you meddle yourself with your  
own affairs, and let alone what does not con-  
cern you," was Miss Delves' reprimand.

She left the kitchen. Jemima made a mo-  
tion of contempt after her, and gave the door  
a bang.

"Suff' put in her spoke against Mr. Henegage  
I know, for she didn't like him; but I  
am confident it was never him that did it—  
unless his gun went off accidental."

"Stay here will you, Martin. I'll send the



STONEHENGE AND THE DRUIDS.



For a full hour by the clock we stayed in the kitchen, the cook reducing herself to a state of exasperated despair over the uncalculated dinner. And all that while no one came in to interrupt. The men-servants had been sent out, some to one place, some to another. The cook made us some coffee and cut some bread-and-butter, but I don't think anybody touched the latter. I thought by that time my aunt must surely be come in, and asked Jimma to take me up stairs to her. A policeman was in the hall as we passed through it, and Charlotte Delves and Mr. Martin were sitting in the dining-room, whence they could see the table in the hall. Mrs. Edwin Barley was nowhere to be found, and we went back to the kitchen. I began to cry; a dreadful fear came upon me that she might have gone away forever, and left me to the companionship of Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Come and sit down here, child," said the cook in a motherly way, as she placed a low stool near the fire. "It's enough to frighten her, poor little stranger, to have this happen, just as she comes into the house."

"I say, though, where can miss be?" echoed Jimma in a low tone to the rest, as I drew the stool into the shade and sat down, leaning my head against the wall.

Presently Miss Delves's bell rang. It was for some hot water, which Jimma took up. Somebody was going to have brandy and water, she said; perhaps Mr. Martin, she did not know. Her master was in the hall then, and Mr. Barley, of the Oaks, with him.

"Who's Mr. Barley of the Oaks, Jimma?" I asked.

"He's master's elder brother, miss. He lives at the Oaks, about three miles from here. Such a nice place it is, ten times better than this. When the old gentleman died, he came into that, and Mr. Edwin into this."

Then there was silence again, for half an hour, quite. I sat with my eyes closed, and I heard them say I was asleep. The young farm laborer, Duff, came in at last.

"Well," said he, "it have been a useless chase. I wonder whether I'm wanted for anything else?"

"Where have you been?" asked Jimma.

"Recovering the wood, seven of us, and them two mounted police is a dashing about the roads. All in search of Mr. Henegge, and we haven't found him."

"Duff, Mr. Henegge no more did it than you did."

"That's all you know about it," was Duff's answer. "Master told the police that it was willful murder; that there was ill blood between him and young King, and Henegge levelled his gun and took aim, and shot him down. Any way he must be guilty, the police says, or he wouldn't have made off."

"How did master know?"

"Because young King said it when master got up to him, just as the breath was going out of his body."

"If Mr. Henegge has gone, it's a bad sign for him," observed the cook. "folks with clear consciences don't take to flight. Suppose I was accused of sending up a poisoned dinner? If I knew I was innocent, should I make off, and leave folks to think me guilty? No, I should stop and fight it out with 'em and see if I couldn't bring my innocence to light. That's human nature—as I take it to be. Have a dish of coffee, Duff?"

"Thank ye," answered he. "I'd be glad on't."

She was placing the cup before him, when he suddenly leaned forward from the chair he had taken, speaking in a covert whisper.

"I say, who d'ye think was in the wood, a scouring it up one path and down another, as much as ever we was?"

"Who?" asked the three in a breath.

"The young miss. She hadn't got a earthly thing on her but just what she sits in, indoors. He head was bare and her neck and arms was bare, and there she was, a racing up and down like one demented."

"Tush!" said the cook. "You must have seen double. What should bring the young miss a dancing about the wood like that, Duff, at this time of night?"

"I tell ye I see her. I see her three times over."

"It was her fetch, then."

"No it wasn't, it was herself," returned Duff. "May be, she was a looking for him, too, at any rate, there she was, and with nothing on, as if she'd started out in a hurry and had forgot to dress herself. If she don't catch her death it's odd to me. He added, nodding his head solemnly. "The fog's as thick as pea soup, and wets you worse than rain."

Duff's words were true. As he spoke, the drawing-room bell rang, and Jimma went to answer it. She came back, laid hold of me without speaking and took me up to it. Mrs. Edwin Barley stood there, just come in—she was shaking like a leaf with the damp and cold, and her hair was hanging down with wet. She had been roaming the wood in search of George Henegge, to warn him, that he might escape. In a more collected moment would she have spoken of this to me? Surely not.

"I could not find him," she uttered, kneeling down before the fire and holding out her shivering arms to the blaze; "I hope and trust, he has escaped. One man's life is enough for me to have upon my hands, without having two."

"Oh, Aunt Selina! how did not take Philip King's life?"

"No, I did not take it. And I have been guilty of no wrong, no crime; I declare it before my Maker!" she burst forth in a frenzy of excitement. "But I did set them one against the other, Anne, in my vanity and wilfulness."

"Aunt Selina, why did you stay out in the wet fog?"

"I was looking for him."

"But suppose you should have caught your death?" Duff said.

"What if I have?" she interrupted. "I'd as soon die as live. Hark! who's this?"

Footsteps, as of one or two men, were coming up the stairs. Selina darted to that side door, which she had spoken of as lead-

ing to her bedroom, and pulled it open with a wrench. Something seemed to give way, perhaps the lock or bolt. She disappeared, leaving me standing alone on the hearth rug.

## CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE HENEGGE OR MR. EDWIN BARLEY?

He who first entered the room was a gentleman of middle age and size. His complexion was healthy and ruddy; his hair black, sprinkled with gray, was cut short and combed down upon the forehead; and his eyes were small. It was a good-humored, country countenance, but a simple one, and its owner was Mr. Barley of the Oaks; not the least resemblance did he bear to his brother. Following him was one in an official dress, who was probably superior to a common policeman, for his manners were good, and Mr. Barley called him "Sir." It was not the same who had been in the hall.

"Oh, this—this must be the little girl," observed Mr. Barley. "Are you Mrs. Edwin's niece, my dear—Miss Hereford?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know where she is?"

I said I thought she was in her bedroom. It appeared to have transpired that a quarrel had taken place between Mr. Henegge and Philip King, on the Friday, and the officer had now been in the kitchen to question Jimma. The latter disclaimed all knowledge of it, beyond the fact that she had passed little Miss Hereford on the stairs, who was frightened and crying, having run out of the drawing-room lest Mr. Henegge and Mr. King, who were quarrelling, should fight. He had come up stairs to question me.

"Now, my little maid, try and recollect," said the officer, drawing me to him; "what did they quarrel about?"

"I don't know, sir," I answered. And I spoke the literal truth, for I had not understood at the time.

"Can you not recollect?"

"I can recollect," I said, looking at him and feeling that I did not shrink from him, though he was a policeman. "Mr. King seemed to have done something wrong, for Mr. Henegge was angry with him, and called him a spy, but I did not know what it was that he had done. I think I was too frightened to listen; I ran out of the room."

"Then you did not hear what the quarrel was about?"

"I did not understand, sir. Except that they said Mr. King was mean, and a spy."

"They?" he repeated, catching me quickly up; "who else was in the room?"

"My aunt Selina."

"Whose part did she take? That of Mr. Henegge, or of Mr. King?"

"That of Mr. Henegge."

"How did the quarrel end? Amicably, or in evil feeling?"

"I don't know, sir. I went away and stayed in my bedroom."

"My sister-in-law, Mrs. Edwin, may be able to tell you more about it, as she was present," interposed Mr. Barley.

"I dare say she can," was the officer's reply. "It seems a curious thing altogether, that two gentlemen should be visiting at a house, and one should shoot the other. How long had they been staying here?"

"Let's see," said Mr. Barley, rubbing his forehead upon his forehead. "It must be a month, I fancy, sir, since they came. Henegge was here first, some days before Philip."

"Where they acquainted previously?"

"I think—not," said Mr. Barley, speaking with hesitation. "Henegge was here on a visit in the middle of the summer, but not Philip, whereas Philip was here at Easter, and the other was not. No, sir, I believe they were not acquainted before, but my brother can tell you."

"Who is this Mr. Henegge?"

"Don't you know? He is the son of Henegge, the baronet, member for Weymouth. Oh, he is of very respectable family; very. A sad blow it will be for them, if things turn out as black as they look. Will he get clear off, think you?"

"You may depend upon it, he would not have got off far, but for this confounded fog that has come on," warmly replied the police officer. "We shall have him to-morrow, no doubt."

"I never hardly saw such a fog at this time of year," observed Mr. Barley. "I couldn't see a yard before me as I came along. Upon my word it almost seems as if it had come on on purpose to screen him."

"Was he a pleasant man, this Henegge?"

"One of the nicest fellows you ever met, sir," was Mr. Barley's impulsive reply. "The last week or two Edwin seems to have taken some spite against him; I don't know what was up between them, for my part, he opposed Philip King's side against him probably, but I liked Henegge, what I saw of him, and thought him an uncommon good fellow. My brother and his wife met him in London last spring when they were there, and became intimate with him."

"Henegge derives no benefit in any way, by property or else, from his death?" observed the policeman, speaking half as a question, half as a soliloquy.

"It's not likely, sir. The only person to benefit is my brother. He comes in for the estate."

The officer raised his eyes.

"Your brother comes in for Mr. King's fortune, do you mean to say?"

"Yes, he does. And I'll be bound he never gave a thought to the inheriting of it. How should he, from a young and hearty lad like Philip? Edwin has croaked over Philip's death of late, said he was consumptive, and going the way of his brother Reginald; but I saw nothing amiss with Philip."

"May I ask why you don't inherit, being the eldest brother?"

Mr. Barley shook his head.

"He was no blood relation to me. My father married twice; I was the son of the first wife, who died when I was born; Edwin was the son of the second, and Philip King's fa-

ther and Edwin's mother were consins. Philip had no relative living but my brother, therefore he comes in for all."

Mrs. Edwin Barley appeared at the door, and pressed there as if listening to the conclusion of the last sentence. Mr. Barley turned and saw her, and she came forward. She had twisted up her damp hair, and her eyes were brilliant, her cheeks crimson; beautiful she looked altogether.

The officer questioned her as to the cause of the quarrel which she had been present at, but she would give him no satisfactory answer. "She could not remember," Philip King was in the wrong, she knew that."

"The officer must excuse her talking, for her head ached, and her brain felt confused."

Such was the substance; all, in fact, that he could get from her. He bowed and withdrew, and Mr. Barley followed him down stairs.

"Anne," she said, in a low tone, touching me on the shoulder, "look over the banisters and see where they go to. Look who is in the hall."

The same policeman was in the hall, sitting down now, and the voices of Mr. Martin and Mr. Edwin Barley sounded in the dining-room, as the other two went into it. Charlotte Delves ran up the stairs, and saw me leaving over.

"Preening, Miss Hereford! Is that a lady's work?"

It was upon my tongue to say it was not my work, but I stopped it.

"What about the dinner, Mrs. Edwin?" she asked, as she entered.

"Oh, Miss Delves! How can you calmly ask about dinner at such a time as this?"

"The cook would only be glad to know whether it is to be kept hot still, or whether it may be put away. It is getting on for ten o'clock, and has been at the fire all this while."

"I don't know. Perhaps some of them may eat it," she slowly said. "I shall not go down. Let it be served, and the gentlemen can sit down if they please."

Charlotte Delves went out and closed the door. My aunt bolted it after her, and then beckoned me to her side.

"Now, Anne, I must have a little conversation with you. When I sent you running to the wood, did you meet either Mr. Henegge or Philip King?"

"I did not meet either, aunt. I went into the wood, and in looking about I lost my way. I was frightened, and began to cry, and then I saw Mr. King standing by a tree opposite, and laughing at me."

"You saw him?" she uttered, catching up her breath and speaking in eagerness.

"Yes. He asked why I was crying, and said he would show me the way out. He stopped suddenly and raised his head, as if he saw something at a distance. In the same moment he was shot down."

"Good heavens, child! You saw him shot?"

"I heard the noise, and saw him fall. It seemed to come from the spot where he had been gazing."

"Did you see who did it?" she moaned, scarcely above her breath.

"No."

"Then you saw no one whatever in the wood but Philip King?"

"I saw Mr. Edwin Barley. I looked to the place from whence the shot seemed to come, and I saw him there, looking through the trees and standing still, as if he wondered what could be the matter. For, oh, aunt, Philip King's scream was dreadful, and must have been heard a long way."

"What?" she uttered, as she clutched my arm, "you saw Edwin Barley at that spot? Not Mr. Henegge?"

"I did not see Mr. Henegge at all then. I saw only Mr. Edwin Barley. He came up to Philip King, asking what was the matter."

"Had he his gun with him—Edwin Barley?"

"Yes, he was carrying it."

"And now tell me what passed—for I suppose you heard," she said, after a long pause.

"Mind you repeat the exact words."

"Mr. Edwin Barley said, 'Philip, what is this? Who fired at you?' George Henegge, I saw him, he stood there, Philip King answered, pointing to the place. 'Are you sure?' Mr. Edwin Barley asked. 'I tell you with my dying lips,' Philip King said, 'I saw him! That was all, aunt. Philip King fell back and died.'"

"All. Did not Philip King say that Mr. Henegge had raised his gun, aimed at him, and fired—that he saw him do it?"

"He did not, aunt. He only said what I have told you."

"Lie the first!" she exclaimed, lifting her hand and letting it fall passionately. "Then you never saw Mr. Henegge."

"Yes I did, aunt, later. Mr. Edwin Barley saw me and questioned me, and then showed me which path to take, to go and get assistance. As I was running down it, I came upon Mr. Henegge hiding among the trees. He stopped me, and asked me in a whisper whose voice that was. I told him it was Mr. Edwin Barley's, and that Philip King was dead. I asked Mr. Henegge if he did it."

"Well?" she feverishly interrupted.

"I told him I did not, and he answered, and then he told me to go along and not to tremble, and he turned and crept away through the trees. Aunt, he was as white as this handkerchief."

"Had—had he his gun?" she hesitatingly asked.

"Yes. He looked dreadfully scared and confused. Not like Mr. Edwin Barley, he looked as he always does."

"How far off Philip King was this?"

"Very near. But there was a turn in the path so that we were out of sight."

"And—be attentive, Anne—was it in the same direction from which the shot was fired?"

"Yes, it was."

Mrs. Edwin Barley knitted her brows and bent her head in thought, holding me still before her. By and by she looked up.

"Did all this happen directly that you got into the road?"

"I am sure I had been in it ten minutes or a quarter of an hour."

"Yes," she interrupted, "but little girls compute time differently from grown people. What seemed to you a quarter of an hour, may not have been more than two or three minutes."

"Mamma taught me how differently time appears to pass, according to what we may be doing, aunt Selina. That when we are pleasantly occupied, it seems to fly; and when we are impatient for it to go on, or in any suspense or fear, it does not seem to move. I think I have learnt to be pretty exact, and I do believe that I was in the wood nearly a quarter of an hour. I had said my prayers, and—"

"You had—what?"

"I was much alarmed; I thought I might have to stay in the wood till morning, and there was no knowing what harm might happen to me. Of course I could only pray to God to protect me; and I knew that harm would not come to me then. Yes, aunt, it must have been a quarter of an hour in all, so you see Mr. Henegge did not do it in the heat of passion in running after him; he must have done it deliberately."

"It is to be ascertained whether he did it at all."

"But, aunt, if he did not, why did he hide in the wood, and look as if he had done something wrong?—he did look like it. Why did he not go boldly up, and see what was amiss with Philip King as Mr. Edwin Barley did? When I told him he was dead, why did he creep away?"

"There is no accounting for what people do in these moments of confusion and terror; some act in one way, some in another," she slowly said. "Anne," she added after a pause, glancing timidly round, and bringing my ear close to her face, "how did Mr. Edwin Barley look—as though he had done something wrong?"

"I could not say he did, for he certainly had not, so far as I could recollect."

"He looked surprised, aunt Selina, nothing more. And he seemed to be sorry; for his voice, as he spoke to Philip King, was kinder than ever I had heard it."

"Go! go! sit down there," she hastily said, pointing to a sofa far from her. "Bury your head down on the pillow as if you were asleep."

So sudden and surprising was the direction that I am sure I should not have had the presence of mind to obey her. She saw that; and, pulling me to the sofa, pushed me on it, my head down and the pillow over me, unbolted the door, and was back in her seat before Mr. Edwin Barley entered the room.

"No need to let him into our confidence," she whispered.

"Are you not coming down to dinner, Selina?"

"Dinner! It is well for you that you can eat it," was her answer. "You must dine without me to-day; those who dine at all. Now don't disturb that sleeping child, Mr. Barley! I was just going to send her to bed."

"It might do you more good to eat dinner than to roam about in a night-gown," was Mr. Edwin Barley's rejoinder. "What were you about, out of doors?"

"About? The house was not so cheering that I coveted to stay in it, with that dreadful sight laid in the hall. I think you might have had it taken to a less conspicuous place."

"Curious, too, that you should choose to go out on such a night at this half naked; and to stay out a couple of hours?"

"Not curious," she tauntingly said; "very natural."

"Very especially that you should be tearing up and down the wood paths, like a mad woman. Unless I am mistaken, I saw you so employed."

"You saw me, did you? Well, I was so employed."

"For what purpose?"

"I will tell you," she answered, speaking in a sharp, passionate tone. "I was looking for George Henegge. There; you may make the most of it."

"Did you find him?"

"No. I wish I had. I wish I had. I should have learnt from him the truth of this night's business, for the truth, as I believe, has not come to light yet."

"What do you suppose to be the truth?" he returned, in a tone of surprise; whether natural, or assumed, who could say?

"No matter; no matter now. It is something that I scarcely dare to glance at. Better, even, that Henegge had done it, than—that my head is confused," she broke off; "my mind unbinged, hardly sane; I wish you would leave me, Mr. Barley."

"You had better come and eat a bit of dinner," he said, roughly, but not unkindly. "No body can be inclined for much; but to fast entirely is good neither for the body nor the mind; and fasting could not bring Philip King back to life. William is going to stay; and Martin also, though he has dined. Will you come?"

"No," she testily answered. "It is waste of time to ask me."

"I hate to dine without somebody at the table's head," he said, turning round when he got to the door. "If you will not come, I shall ask Charlotte Delves to sit down."

"It is nothing to me who sits down when I am not there."

He departed with the ungracious reply ringing in his ears; and ungracious I felt it to be. She bolted the door again, and pulled the velvet cushion off my head.

"Are you smothered, child? Get up. Now, mark me; you must not say a word to Mr. Edwin Barley of what happened at the summer-house. Do not mention it at all; to him, or to anybody else."

"But suppose I am asked, aunt Selina?"

"How can you be asked? Philip King is gone; and who else is there to ask you? You surely have not spoken of it already?" she continued in a tone of alarm.

I had not spoken of it to any one, and told her so. When my terror subsided, after I ran in from the wood unable to speak, the ser-

vants questioned me as to what had caused it. I only replied that I heard a shot and a scream. I was too much afraid to say more.

"That's well," said my aunt Selina.

She sent me to rest, ordering Jimma to stay by me till I was asleep. "The child may feel nervous," she remarked to her in an undertone, "but the words reached me. A long, long time it seemed to me that I was getting to sleep, and in the morning, when I woke up, I found to my surprise that I was in my aunt Selina's bed. I had so started and moaned, it appeared, after I did get to sleep, that Jimma went and called her mistress, thinking I must be ill, and Mrs. Edwin had me carried down to her own bed. Where Mr. Edwin Barley slept that night I do not know, but certainly not with his wife."

"Can you dress yourself, Anne?" my aunt asked me. And I rose up in bed and looked at her, for the voice did not sound like her voice.

"Are you ill, aunt Selina? Why do you speak so hoarsely?"

"I feel very ill, Anne. My throat is laid; or my chest, I can scarcely tell which; perhaps it is both. Can you dress without assistance?"

"Oh, yes; mamma always made me do that since I was a very little girl."

"Get up then at once. And when you go down send Miss Delves to me."

I sprang out of bed and looked about. "I don't see my clothes here, aunt Selina."

"Oh dear, I forgot. Put that shawl on, and run up to your own room. How stupid of Jimma not to bring them down!"

I have said that I was an imaginative, thoughtful, excitable child, and as I hastily attired myself, one sole recollection (I could have said fear) kept running through my brain. It was the oracular observation made by Duff, relating to his mistress and the fog. "If she don't catch her death, it's odd to me."

Suppose she had caught her death? My fingers trembled at the thought.

The first thing I saw when I went down was a large high screen of ten folds raised across the hall, hiding the table.

"What is behind it?" I whispered to Sarah, who was coming out of the dining-room with a duster and broom in her hand.

"The same that was last night, miss," she answered. "I can't be moved, they say, till after the coroner has sat."

"Sarah, have they taken Mr. Henegge?"

"Not that I have heard on, miss. One of them police gents was in just now, and he told Miss Delves there was no news."

"I want to find Miss Delves. Where is she?"

"In master's study. You can't go in. Don't you know which it is? It's that room built out at the back, half-way up the first flight of stairs. You can see the door from here."

In the study sat Mr. Barley and Mr. Edwin at breakfast, Charlotte Delves serving them. I gave her my aunt's message—but was nearly scared out of my senses at viewing Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Go up at once, Charlotte, and see what it is," he said. "How do you say, little one—that her throat is laid?"

"Yes, sir, and she cannot speak well," I replied, as Miss Delves left the room.

"No wonder; she has only herself to thank," he muttered. "The wonder would be if she were not ill."



classes of Great Britain? Why have we not as good a right to have an aristocracy as our English friends have? Therefore, at the very worst view of it, for John Bull to complain of our tariff, and to call it "stupid" to tax the laboring classes to support an aristocracy, is rather inconsistent.

The writer of the above extract says that we in America "have almost everything to learn about the great natural laws which govern social economy." Perhaps so. Some of us, however, have examined the subject not a little, and have come to the conclusion that there is a good deal to be said upon both sides of the question. England, after centuries of protection, has arrived at that point—owing to large capital, perfected machinery, and cheap labor—which enables her as a general thing to undersell competing nations, even on their own ground. It is therefore her interest to oppose the tariff systems of her neighbors, and to advocate what is called Free Trade.

In the manufacture of iron, for instance, she has such a large capital engaged, that she has, before this, found it to her advantage to sacrifice a whole year's business, for the sake of breaking down the iron manufactures of the United States. That this is so, evidence taken by a Committee of Parliament relative to the labor question, fully proves.

The object of a tariff is twofold. Firstly, to raise a revenue for the maintenance of the Government. Secondly, to promote manufactures; not especially for the benefit of the manufacturing class, but of the whole laboring population, and of the country at large. Everything else being equal, the country where wages are the lowest can manufacture the cheapest. But some of us do not think that it would be an advantage to America for labor to be reduced to the European standard. Some hold that we should compensate for the difference by a tariff, keep the wages up, and then, when the manufactures are set going, trust to the inventive genius of our people, and the domestic competition, to bring the price of the domestic article as low as the foreign one.

That this has been done again and again, the history of our manufactures proves. The tariff has encouraged the establishment of a particular manufacture, and then the inventive genius of our people, and the domestic competition, have given us a better article than the foreign one, at as low, or even a lower price.

Our English friends need not pity our ignorance. We are a practical people, and know what we are about.

We believe that wages and profits are always better where the employment of a country are diversified. We do not mean to be Baltic sea regions, or East Indies, for our British cousins. We think that nothing is such an advantage to an agricultural region, as to plant manufacturing towns and villages right in the midst of it—making markets for the fruits, berries, poultry, eggs, butter, milk, vegetables, and all the smaller products of the farm. Even if the agricultural community have to pay higher for their manufactures, that makes no real difference, for they sell their produce higher, and sell articles they could not dispose of to manufacturers across the ocean. It is the old story of the Irishman who found fault with the price of the American potatoes—could buy potatoes for *supper* at home. "Why didn't you stay at home, then?" said a bystander. "Because I couldn't get the saxeption."

What is it to an American farmer or laborer if British cloth or hardware be cheaper, if he cannot get the money to buy it with?

A farmer gives a rainy day (worth, a political economist may say, a dollar) and mends up his old harness—a job the saddler would do for fifty cents. He loses, therefore, the political economist will argue, just half a dollar by doing the work himself. The farmer, being a practical man, knows that as work is scarce for rainy days, he saves money by mending his own harness.

In conclusion we may inform our English contemporaries, that the present Tariff was passed mainly because the Government needed money—that it would have been impossible for the manufacturing interest to have passed it, unaided by the agricultural interest and by the general sentiment of all classes—and that while any bad workings of the act will probably be speedily corrected, it doubtless as a whole, will be given at least some years' fair trial.

#### HARPIES.

In antiquity, the harpies were "fabulous winged monsters, ravenous and filthy, having the face of a woman, and the body of a vulture, with the feet and fingers armed with sharp claws. They were three in number, Aello, Ocypete, and Celeno. They were sent by Juno to plunder the table of Phineus. They are represented as rapacious and filthy animals."

In these modern times, the harpies are anything but *fabulous* monsters. They are, as of old, ravenous and filthy, having the face of a patriot, and the body of a vulture, with the feet and fingers armed with long claws. They are "legion" in number, but they have but one name, Army Contractor. They are represented to be very generally rapacious and filthy animals—and were sent doubtless by the infernal gods to plunder the tables and pockets of the volunteers.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS.—We see the following in a contemporary, credited to the *New Orleans Picayune*:—

"All the Massachusetts troops now in Washington are negroes, with the exception of two or three drummer boys. General Butler, in command, is a native of Liberia. Our readers may recollect old Ben, the barber, who kept a shop in Poydras street, and emigrated to Liberia with a small competence. General Butler is his son."

It is difficult to believe that any New Orleans paper would publish such nonsense as the above, except in jest. Gen. Butler was the late candidate of the Breckinridge Democrats for Governor of Massachusetts, and the Massachusetts regiments are composed of white men.

## LETTER FROM PARIS.

ROMANCE AND REALITY—AN EPISODE OF THE PAST.

PARIS, May 3, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Persia—the nursing-mother of the Arabian Nights, "wrongly," say Oriental scholars, "termed Arabian,"—has been inaugurating her first electric telegraph! Who shall say that the world is not progressing? The *Tekke*, the official organ of the Persian Government, at Teheran, gives a grand account of the opening of this line, and the excitement it seems to have produced in the minds of the lieges of the Shah. It follows the line of the road trodden by the countless generations of the caravans that have figured in Eastern story for so many centuries, down to our own day; starting from Teheran, the official capital, and passing through the cities of Kazvine, Wehr, Zoudzane and Miane, to Sebriz, a distance of four hundred English miles. The young sovereign, Nassereddin Shah, honored the opening with his presence. From daybreak his Majesty was busy in the telegraph office, which is established on the esplanade of his palace, amusing himself with transmitting and receiving messages along the line. All the dignitaries of the Court, in full uniform, and thousands of people from the provinces, in holiday dress, crowded the office, the esplanade, and the neighborhood of the palace. The messages and replies were proclaimed aloud by a herald, and repeated by the crowd; and every time a message from distant towns was given out, its arrival was saluted with shouts of wonder and delight by the crowd, and with a salvo from the great guns of the palace-yard. With the ardent imaginations of these Oriental people, and their love of the marvelous, their ecstasy on receiving, in the course of a few minutes, intelligence transmitted from Sebriz, that is to say, from a distance which it takes a caravan twelve days' journey to accomplish, may be readily understood. The hero of the affair was Etizad-Ad-Seltnet, uncle of the reigning monarch, and his right hand. This Prince, who is the Minister of Public Instruction, had been entrusted with the supervision of the telegraph lines; and the Shah, delighted with the success of the undertaking, presented to him a Pelisse of Honor and a magnificent dagger, whose hilt was covered with diamonds and other costly jewels. The "Director of Persian Telegraphs," Ali-Kouli-Yekan, was also honored with the praises of the Shah, and received a superb Indian shawl and the order of Lion Couchant.

The world is undoubtedly moving on, though one's impatience may sometimes suggest a wish that it would move a little quicker. What sovereign, for instance, would dare, in our day, to outrage the moral sense of his people by infamies such as those which disgrace the reigns of Louis XIV., the Regent of Orleans, and Louis XV. Well as we thought we knew the horrors of the last of these periods, the recent discovery of an old, worm-eaten manuscript, written by the famous "Countess" Du Barry, and containing a sort of diary or register of the scenes in which she bore so conspicuous a part, has shown us that, beneath the deeps of corruption already exposed to public view, there existed a yet deeper depth of infamy and debasement. This curious relic of a past, which none would care to recall, is to be published shortly, with a portrait of the favorite, drawn by herself; it will undoubtedly be more strange than edifying; but the Parisian public is far from squeamish, and the publication will probably be a successful speculation. The history of the famous courtesan is not without its moral. Of very low birth, but gifted with wonderful beauty and grace, and much talent and quickness, the young milliner's apprentice attracted, at an early age, the notice of one of those she-vampires, who plied so busy a trade at that period, under the mocking designation of "merchants of love." This harpy, named La Gourdan, happening one day to catch sight of the, as yet, innocent girl, while playing with a fan for sale in the milliner's show-room, was struck with the latent powers of coquetry she divined in the girl's movements, that she instantly took possession of her, withdrew her from the milliner's establishment, and carried her off in triumph. A brief period sufficed to convert the ex-milliner's apprentice into one of the most finished and brazen sirens of the corrupt ocean on which she was launched by her new employer. Count Jean du Barry saw her at whist and appropriated her, allowing her to assume his name and title, which she thenceforth kept; and the low-born Jeanne Lange thenceforth became, and remained, though with no legal title to the designation, "Madame la Comtesse du Barry."

The Count, so far from being jealous of the admiration which his "Countess" soon after excited in the depraved heart of the royal pupil of the Regent, encouraged her to complete the conquest of the king, hoping to be able to rule the latter through her influence. Having made good her position in the royal favor, Du Barry next figures at Versailles, where she familiarly addresses the king as "France" before courtiers and ambassadors, says "thou" to him, and rules despotically both sovereign and court. The glimpses given of her life there, of the state of the court, would hardly bear transferring into any pages less shameless than those of her diary. Among the mildest of her notes is one which tells how, at the *petit lever* of the king, who was waiting in his bed for his morning coffee, the Papal Nuncio, and the Grand Almoner being admitted, and various untranslatable jokes having been bandied between the king and the two prelates, Du Barry suddenly sprang out of bed, with no other clothing than her luxurious tresses, and addressing herself to the Nuncio, exclaimed, "Mon Lord Bishop, give me my slippers!" "I can only find one of them," Madame la Comtesse replied the Nuncio. "Never mind; put on that one; and here's my Lord Almoner will put on the other!" The two prelates each placed one of the gaily-embroidered slippers on one of the favorite's feet; the king and the Countess laughing ostentatiously at the reverend prelates played the part of lady's maid, and the king giving utterance to joking comments on the scene which the obsequious ecclesiastics do not seem to have shown themselves scandalized at. Another of her notes depicts the young heir to the crown, and his lovely Austrian wife, the former busied in the manufacture of a lock of which he was very proud, and the Dauphine sitting by, nursing her first-born, and smiling at the pride of her husband in his work. The Dauphin, who is also a skillful clock-maker, comes up to his wife, to see what o'clock it is by a clock of his making, beside her, and watches the Dauphine, who is at work on a piece of embroidery, with her baby on her lap. The door opens, and a valet announces the king, who has promised to present the Duchess de Chaulnes to the Dauphine, and who enters the cabinet of the heir apparent, preceded by the Duchess, and with Du Barry on his arm. The fair, proud daughter of Austria rises from her chair, and hastening to meet the king, exclaims, with her sweetest smile, as she glances at the favorite, "Ah, sire, I only asked of you one favor, and you grant me two?"

After this gracious reception, Du Barry walks about the room, examining the pictures on the walls; and seeing a portrait of Charles I., by Van Dyck, she calls the King to her side, and says to him, "France, dost thou see this picture? If thou leavest thy Parliament to its own devices, it will cut off thy head for thee, as the English Parliament did for Charles I."

"Who talks of cutting heads off?" cried the future Louis XVI.

"This mad woman," replied Louis XV., laughing and pointing to Du Barry, "just as though anybody thought of cutting off heads now-a-days."

"Who knows what may happen?" rejoined Marie Antoinette, with a touch of seriousness that caused all the speakers to look at one another with some surprise.

"That makes me think," remarked the Dauphin, "that Dr. Guillotin, who is very learned and ingenious, tells me that he has just invented, from motives of humanity, a machine which will put people to death without hurting them."

"Ah! so much the better!" cried Du Barry, while Marie Antoinette, amused at the idea of putting to death without pain, and by machinery, laughed heartily.

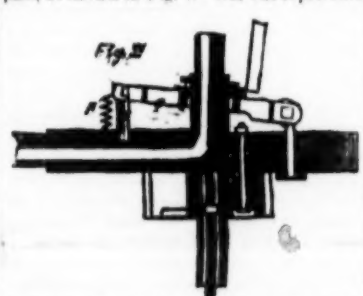
When the favorite's reign had ended, she

The above engraving represents a perspective view, taken from a photograph, of the famous steam battery, about which so much has been said within a few weeks, as being in process of construction by the Messrs. Winans of Baltimore. From a letter by Mr. Thomas Winans, published in the *Baltimore papers*, it appears that the machine belongs to the city of Baltimore, and that the only ground for connecting the name of the Winans with it is the fact that it was sent to their shop for repair. It was invented by Charles S. Dickinson, of Cleveland, Ohio, and patented August 9, 1859. Its capabilities and advantages are set forth in the following terms by the inventor:—

"As a triumph of inventive genius, in the application and practical demonstration of centrifugal force (that power which governs and controls the universe, and regulates and impels the motion of planetary bodies around the sun), this most efficient engine stands without a parallel, commanding wonder and admiration at the simplicity of its construction and the destructiveness of its effects, and is eventually destined to inaugurate a new era in the science of war. Rendered ball proof, and protected by an iron cone, and mounted on a four-wheeled carriage, it can be readily moved from place to place, or kept on march with an army. It can be constructed to discharge missiles of any capacity from an ounce ball to a 25-pound shot, with a force and range equal to the most approved gunpowder projectiles, and can discharge from one hundred to five hundred balls per minute. For city or harbor defence it would prove more efficient than the largest battery; for use on the battle field, the most reliable engine would mow down opposing troops as the scythe mows standing grain; and in sea fights, mounted on low-decked steamers, it would be capable of sinking any ordinary vessels. In addition to the advantages of power, continuous action and velocity of discharge, may be added economy in cost of construction, in space, in labor and transportation; all of which would be small in comparison to the cost and working of batteries of cannon, and the equipment and management of a proportionate force of infantry. The possession of this engine—ball proof and cased in iron—will give the powers using it

such decided advantages as will strike terror to the hearts of opposing forces, and render its possessors impregnable to armies provided with ordinary offensive weapons. Its efficiency will soon be practically demonstrated, and the day is not far distant when, through its instrumentality, the new era in the science of war being inaugurated, it will be generally adopted by the Powers of the Old and New Worlds, and, from its very destructiveness, will prove the means and medium of peace."

The construction of the gun is represented in Fig. 2. A steel gun barrel, bent at an elbow as shown, is caused to revolve by steam power with great velocity; when the balls, being fed into the perpendicular portion, which is at the center of revolution, are thrown out until the barrel is in the desired position, when this gate is opened by the action of the lever C, and the balls permitted to escape. To make sure against accident from the chance issuing of balls when the barrel is not in the proper position, a strong wrought iron casing surrounds the gun, which is in one side through which the balls may pass, as shown in Fig. 1. Our cut represents



the balls as being fed in singly by hand, but in action it is proposed to feed them with a shovel. Mr. Winans says that the shot from this gun will cut off a nine-inch scabbard at the distance of half a mile.

In 1857, Benjamin Reynolds, of Kinderhook, N. Y., constructed a centrifugal war

engine for discharging bullets in a stream from a tube. It was operated by two men, one standing at each side working a crank, and turning it in the same manner as two men operate a windlass. The bullets, we understand, were taken from a hopper at the center of a revolving drum and thrown out at the circumference, the action being similar to that of a rotary pump. A small war engine of Mr. Reynolds was tried at West Point, in 1857, before General Worth and several other officers of the United States Army, and it is stated that, at 110 yards distance from the target, it sent 1,000 3-ounce balls in a minute, through 31 inches of hard pine plank. After this it was taken to Washington, and experiments made with it before a committee of Congress and several military officers, with similar results to those obtained at West Point. At this trial the committee exercised great perseverance; first, in regard to its power and range, and, second, in regard to the number of shots projected in a given time. On this occasion the power applied was as before, one man at each of the two cranks. The target, three thicknesses of one inch pine plank, at the distance of 150 yards. Each ball was projected through the target, falling from three to four hundred yards beyond it into the Potomac river. They were not so successful, however, in determining the number of shots thrown in a given time. In this test sixty balls of 2 oz. were placed in a tin tube of sufficient size and length to contain them. One end of the tube was then placed at the admitting office of the battery, into which they were carried by the action of gravity and the exhausting disposition of the machine. The space of time taken for the projection of sixty shots was so small a portion of a second that the committee could not report any specific space of time at all.

Another centrifugal gun, worked by six men as motive power, was recently exhibited in New York. The balls were thrown nearly 500 a minute, going at 30 yards through three thicknesses of board.

In conclusion, we may say that though something may come of these inventions, they do not bid fair at present to supplant the usual artillery, though they might be very useful in certain positions, and do great execution upon large bodies of men at short distances.

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was at first flattered by all the courtiers in her exile from the royal presence, because it was thought that she would soon be in favor again. But the King's health grew worse and worse; and though, to her urgent petitions to be allowed to live nearer to Versailles, the King had replied by sending her a large sum of money, but without granting her request, it was evident that her day was over, and she was soon forsaken by even the humblest of the vast crowd of flatterers that had vied with each other in burning incense before her while she had held her place in the favor of the sovereign. To the bitterness of mortified vanity was also added the despair of seeing herself despised and contemned by the only man she seems ever to have loved, the Duke de Cosse-Brissac, for whom, in the waste of her heartless and frivolous career, she conceived a sudden and violent passion, for the first and only time in her life.

One day, after the death of Louis XV., in her lonely retreat at Reuil, she inquires of her pet young negro page, Zamore, whom Du Barry had caused to be painted in the act of handing her a cup of chocolate, and who, in this solitude, still carried her train.

"Zamore, what is the noise I hear in the distance?"

"Citizens," replied the pampered boy, "it is the noise the people are making at Versailles."

"Citizens, indeed!" exclaimed his mistress, in a fury. "Hast thou, too, learned the jargon of the miscreants of the day? Off with thee! Only French shall be spoken in my house!"

Scarcely had Zamore quitted the presence of his angry mistress, than he came back, and hastily flinging open the door of the saloon in which he had left her, announced the Duke de Cosse-Brissac.

"Show him in!" cried Du Barry, with a start of joyful surprise. A sound of many steps and voices was suddenly heard approaching; and a crowd of dark and blood-stained faces thronged the ante-room, from which a group of "citizens" passed on into the saloon, displaying to the eyes of the horrified Du Barry, the head of the Duke borne upon a pike.

The arrest of the fallen favorite of the deposed Louis XV. soon followed. She was arraigned before the Revolutionary Tribunal on the charge of "having conspired the despot, and caused the bloodshed of the people." Condemned to death "for having worn mourning for the tyrant, and conspired against the Republic," she fainted on hearing the sentence, and was dragged along the pavement of the streets to her cell. Nervously afraid of darkness, the wretched woman was left in darkness and loneliness, never to see daylight again until drawn in the fatal tumbrel to the guillotine.

She was taken to her doom in company with a marquis, a priest, and a banker—her own banker, in other days. The marquis hummed a madrigal, the priest endeavored to speak of Heaven to his companions in misfortune, the banker attempts a joke about "pay-day up yonder!" Du Barry has slept but one hour through the preceding night, has dreamed of Versailles, and her triumphs in days gone by, and has awakened from her delusive vision with a shriek of horror and agony. She cannot believe that the scene about her is real; and she cowers in the cart, fancying that she is dreaming a hideous dream. When the cart stops at the foot of the guillotine—that stands on the spot from which the statue of Louis XV., has been removed to make room for it, she calls in frenzied accents to the crowd to save her. None respond to that despairing appeal. She is seized, by eager and cruel hands, dragged from the tumbrel, thrown upon the ground, and forced to the guillotine. The executioner takes her, with mock gallantry in his arms, and lifts her up to the fatal plank, while she screams for help and pity, struggles to free herself from his grasp, and shrieks to the multitude watching for her blood, that "she never caused anybody's death, but often obtained pardons for those who were condemned to die!"

"Poor du Barry!" exclaimed a woman who had killed one of her children, and who had brought the other five to enjoy the daily spectacle, "it was she who saved me from the guillot!"

"One moment, oh, wait one moment, Mr. Headman!" implored the victim; but the guillotine did its deadly work, and the crowd uttered a shout of ferocious satisfaction as the head of the ex-favorite of the former tyrant, dearest to his sake, fell into the basket which had already received, and would yet receive so many heads nobler than hers, and some, also even more ignoble. And so ended the mortal career of the once brilliant, all-powerful Du Barry.

QUANTUM.

It is stated that the iron plates now being placed on the sides of the French iron-cased frigates are previously galvanized by a patent process, the principal feature of which is, that the plates are placed in a cold bath in lieu of a hot one.

CRY HAYCOCK.—In allusion to the proposition to allow the cadets at West Point to enter upon active service, a correspondent of the *Bulletin* inquires whether it would not be "letting slip the dogs of war," to turn loose the West Pointers.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

MORE SPECIFIC COMING—THE BRITISH PROCLAMATION—ADVANCE IN UNITED STATES LOANS, &c.

The Eliza brings advices to the 18th, and \$1,500,000.

The Proclamation issued by the Government declares its intention of maintaining the strictest and most impartial neutrality between the Government of the United States and certain States styling themselves the Confederate States of America. It warns British subjects, that if they enter the military service on either side, or join the ships of war or transports, or attempt to get recruits or fit out vessels for war purposes, or transports, or break, or endeavor to break, any blockade lawfully or actually established, or carry soldiers, dispatches, or any material contraband of war, for either party, they will be liable to all the penalty and consequences, and will do so at their peril, and in no wise obtain protection from the Government.

The screw frigate *Mercy*, of 40 guns, has sailed for the American station.

Lord Wodehouse said that Spain, at the request of the inhabitants, had accepted the annexation of the Eastern portion of St. Domingo, and given assurances that slavery would not be re-established there.

The cotton growing company of Jamaica has determined to plant several thousand acres forthwith, so that the crop produced can be sent to Manchester before the end of the year.

Templing offers have been made to purchase the Great Eastern. It is believed, for the French or American Government. A special meeting of the shareholders has been called to raise funds or sell.

The Commissioners from the Southern Confederacy had reached Paris, and had an interview with M. Thouvenot, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It is positively asserted that negotiations for the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome approach a conclusion.

France sends a small squadron to the American waters to protect French interests.

Vague reports prevail that England and France have agreed to recommend Austria to cede Venetia to Italy, for money and territorial privileges.

Spain has ordered the construction of six screw frigates of the first class, in order that her navy may be superior to that of the United States.

HUNGARY.—Count Tekeli, it is ascertained, committed suicide, though the first impression was that he had been assassinated.

The military at Raab killed three, and wounded fifteen people, who attempted to liberate some deserters that had been re-captured.

LIVERPOOL, May 14.—Cotton has declined 1/4d. STATE OF TRADE.—The advices from Manchester continue unfavorable, all the markets being dull, but the prices are steady with less depression.

BRADSHAW.—The Bradshaws market is firm, with a partial advance on all qualities.

MEASURES.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular reports the Flour market steady. The extra State brand is quoted at 3s. 6d. 1/2d. 3d. Wheat is firm, Red has advanced 1/4d.; being quoted at 11s. 6d. 1/2d. 6d.; White Wheat 11s. 6d. 1/2d. 6d.; Corn is 3s. 6d. 1/2d. 3d. for mixed; 3s. for Yellow, and 3s. 6d. 1/2d. for White.

Messrs. Wakefield & Nash report Wheat steady. Corn advancing, and holders demand a further advance of 1/4d.

Provisions are steady.

United States 5 per cents have advanced 1/8d. per cent.

YOUNG OFFICERS.—The Secretary of War has issued an order recommending the Government of the States:—

First. To commission no one of doubtful morals or patriotism, and not of sound health.

Second. To appoint no one to a Lieutenantancy, second or first, who has passed the age of twenty-two years, or to a Captaincy over thirty years; and to appoint no field officers, Major, Lieutenant Colonel, or Colonel unless a graduate of the United States Military Academy, or known to possess military knowledge and experience, who has passed the respective ages thirty-five, forty and forty-five years.

The above rules are deemed of the highest importance by Gen. Scott. All regimental officers of the volunteers, from Colonels down to Second Lieutenants inclusive, are appointed by the Governors of the States.

According to the code of honor, it is understood that if a gentleman owes another gentleman money, he has no right to fight with him until the debt has been paid.

When the young gentleman who styles himself the American Goethe was asked why he did not write something equal to Goethe's, he testily answered, "Because I haven't a mind to."

Horne Tooke's advice to a young friend desirous of venturing upon matrimony was, "Look carefully round among the whole circle of your friends, and choose the nicest girl you find. Make sure that her fortune is good, her connections unexceptionable, and her personal qualities entirely to your liking. When the happy day arrives, and the bridal party are on their way to the altar, mount the swiftest horse you can procure, and ride off in an opposite direction."

The song of the harvest is everywhere. Its notes fall sweetly upon the ear as they float over the land; away there just subsiding, and away there just beginning—and so they will pass the strain along till the music has been wafted round the world.

The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested for trying to see the show without paying.

Some fellows deposit all their money inside their vests in the form of victuals and drink, and call that *investing* it.

The leaves die of chills and fevers generally—sometimes it is the scarlet fever, and sometimes, and almost always, yellow fever.

Why are Presidents like vagabonds? Because they are associated with Vices.

Prudence, through the ground of misery, cuts a river of patience, where the mind swims in boats of tranquility along the stream of life, until she arrives at the haven of death, where all streams meet.

Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end when conjoined; separated, they lose the greater portion of their utility.

THE RUTS.—Our customs and habits are like the ruts in our roads. The wheels of life settle into them; and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

Mr. Merryman Lathrop says when he went on the steamer to California, they kept the chickens in the *hatchways*, the beef in the *bulkheads*, near the *stowage*, and when they ran out of eggs the ship lay low.



## THE LINNET'S SONG.

"Tuck, tuck, tuck—from the green and growing leaves;  
 A, a, a—from the little song-bird's throat;  
 How the silver chorus weaves in the sun and  
 'neath the rose,  
 While from dewy clover fields comes the lowing  
 of the bee.  
 And the summer to the heavens is aloft!  
 "Wee, wee, wee—the little linnet sings;  
 Wee, wee, wee—how his pippy treble trills,  
 In his lift and on his wing what a joy the linnet  
 brings,  
 As over all the sunny earth his merry lay he  
 sings,  
 Giving gladness to the music of the hills!  
 "A, a, a—from a happy heart unbowed;  
 Lay, lay, lay—from the dawn till close of day!  
 There is rapture in the sound, as it fills the  
 sunshine round,  
 Till the ploughman's careless whistle and the  
 shepherd's pipe are drowned,  
 And the mower sings unheeded 'mong the hay.  
 "Joy, joy, joy—oh, how sweet the linnet's  
 theme!  
 Joy, joy, joy—he is woeing all the while!  
 Does he dream he is in heaven, and is telling  
 now his dream,  
 To soothe the heart of simple maidens sighing by  
 the stream,  
 Or waiting for her lover at the stile?  
 "Pip, pip, pip—will the linnet never weary?  
 Pip, pip, pip—he is pouring forth his vows?  
 The maiden, lone and eerie, may feel her heart  
 less dreary,  
 Yet none may know the linnet's bliss except his  
 love so cheery,  
 With her little household nestled 'mong the  
 boughs."

## HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.

Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, in his sermon of April 28th, upon the text, "And in the name of our God we will set up our banners," gave the subjoined sketch of our flag, which thrilled the heart of every one who listened to it. The sermon was printed in the Roxbury Journal.

"The history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white saltire or cross, in the form of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation dated April 12th, 1700, those two crosses were joined together upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England. It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag of England, so well known as *The Union Jack*, was completed. But it was the *ancient flag of England* that constituted the basis of our own American banner. Various other flags had indeed been raised at different times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or at least, were not incorporated into, and made a part of, the destined 'stars and stripes.' It was after Washington had taken command of the fresh army of the Revolution, at Cambridge, that (January, 23, 1776) he ordered before them the new flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was the standard which was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops, and was entered by the American army. Uniting, as it did, the flags of England and America, it showed that the colonists were not yet prepared to sever the tie that bound them to the mother country. By that union of flags they claimed to be a vital and substantial part of the empire of Great Britain, and demanded the rights and privileges which such a relation implied. Yet it was by these thirteen stripes that they made known the union also of the thirteen colonies, the stripes of white declaring the purity and innocence of their cause, and the stripes of red giving forth defiance to cruelty and oppression.

"On the fourteenth day of June, 1777, it was resolved by Congress, 'That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen white stars in the blue field.' This resolution was made public Sept. 3, 1777, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. Here the thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order better to express the idea of the Union of the States. In 1794, there having been two more new States added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne through all the contests of the war of 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly admitted State. It was therefore enacted, in 1818, that a permanent return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of States. Thus the flag would symbolize the Union as it might be at any given period of its history, and also as it was at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that these stars, instead of being arranged into a circle, be formed into a single star—a suggestion which we occasionally see adopted. In fine, no particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the arrangement of the constellation. It is enough if only the whole number be there upon that aure fold—the blue to be emblematical of pure verities, vigilance and justice, each star to glorify the glory of the State it may represent, and the whole to be eloquent forever of a union that must be 'one and inseparable.'"

"There would fall no one enter more largely into the details of this history. Enough has been said to show, in some satisfactory measure, the nature of the materials of our flag were drawn. The old banner of England contributed its colors. Great men made it their study. Washington, Franklin, Morris, Adams, Sherman, and many more of their immortal compeers, gave it their thought and care. And then it had to be made a fact in the world by the conflicts, bloodshed and victories of a seven years' war. It is the flag that was gazed upon by the patriots of 'the times that tried men's souls.' It is the flag which they bore and followed into the thickest of the fight. It is the flag which they loved and honored, and which at last they compelled their proud enemies to acknowledge and respect. It is the flag which became the symbol of our national independence and glory.

"And what precious associations have clustered around it since! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well won battle-fields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but carried where also their descendants have carried it, and raised it in conquest or protection! Through what clouds of dust and smoke it has passed—what storms of shot and shell—what scenes of fire and blood! Not alone at Saratoga, at Monmouth and at Yorktown, but at Landy's Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chancellorsville. It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence—'Don't give up the ship!'—was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great naval victory—the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of her national palace. Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the Arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains in the distant West. Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism! By it, how many have sworn fealty to their country!

"What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett—what lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes! How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! How many, living and dying, have said in their enthusiastic devotion to its honor, like that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore, 'Oh! the flag—the Stars and the Stripes!' And wherever that flag has gone it has been the herald of a better day. It has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All, who sigh for the triumph of Truth and Righteousness, love and salute it."

## ON THE DEATH OF A SAILOR.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

[The following lines were written by Halleck on the death of Lieut. William H. Allen, who was killed by the pirates in the Gulf of Mexico.]

He hath been mourned as brave men mourn the brave,  
 And wept as nations weep their cherished dead,  
 With bitter, but proud tears, and o'er his head  
 The eternal flowers whose root is in the grave,  
 The flowers of Fame, are beautiful and green,  
 And by his grave's side pilgrim feet have been,  
 And blessings, pure as men to martyr give,  
 Have there been breathed by those he died to save.

Pride of his country's banded chivalry,  
 His fame their hope, his name a battle cry,  
 He lived as mothers wish their sons to live,  
 He died as fathers wish their sons to die.  
 If on the grief worn cheek the lines of bliss,  
 Which fade when all we love is in the tomb,  
 Could ever know on earth a second bloom,  
 The memory of a gallant death like his  
 Would call them into being, but the few,  
 Who as their friend, their brother, or their son,  
 His kind warm heart and gentle spirit knew,  
 Had long lived, hoped, and feared for him alone.  
 His voice their morning music, and his eye  
 The only starlight of their evening sky,  
 Till even the sun of happiness seemed dim,  
 And life's best joys were sorrowed with him;  
 And when, the burning bullet in his breast,  
 He dropped, like summer fruit from off the bough,  
 There was one heart that knew and loved him best—  
 It was a mother's—and is broken now.

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON IN THE SOUNDS OF CERTAIN BELLS.—There is a phenomenon in the sounds of certain bells which has not, I think, been noticed in print, and which, therefore, it will be of interest, and perhaps of utility, to describe. It is that, soon after the commencement of the sounds, they appear to become pendulous, or, which is the same thing, to lose their continuousness, or to be heard only at intervals, which increase in length until the sounds become too feeble to be experienced. It must, I think, be concluded that the phenomenon is caused by echo, the reflection of the sound from off the interior surface of the bell; and that it depends upon the condition that the echo could not be heard, and also the fact that, from some reason, the two sounds are not combined, either by the ears, or when as vibrations they are affections of the auditory nerves.—J. A. Davis.

FOO SHONAI.—At the South Stack Light-house, near Holyhead, they have both a gun and a bell, but they have also a machine more effective than either of these instruments. The rock is haunted by innumerable flocks of sea-fowl, and the incessant shrieking and chattering which these birds keep up, and which can be heard some way out to sea, is found a more infallible warning than any signal at man's command.

## A CHILD SAVED—A WOLF KILLED.

We have heard curious stories from hunters, of the swift judgment inflicted by wolves on any number of a pack who may deceive his companions. They have the power of communicating with each other, and a certain sense of justice due to offenders. The following story is in point.

The settlers of Maine found, besides its red-faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests which then waved, where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals. Often at night the farmer aroused from sleep by a noise without, which told that bruta was storming the sheep-pen or pig-sty, or was laying violent paw upon some unlucky calf—and often on a cold winter evening did they roll a large log against the door, and beating hearts drew closer around the fire, as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods. The wolf was the most ferocious, blood-thirsty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking man unless driven by hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity.

The incident here related occurred in the history of Bloddeford. A resident, of that place, Mr. —, was one autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance from the house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the fields and woods around the house, and often going where his father was at work.

One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, his father left his work sooner than usual, and started home. Just on the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves, without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep. "Was but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the bushes to watch the result.

After waiting there a short time, he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another, till the woods seemed alive with fearful sounds. The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes a large, gaunt, savage-looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly on the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. Soon he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, covered to the ground, and passively awaited his fate; for the rest, enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him to pieces, and devoured him on the spot.

When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled round, plunged into the forest and disappeared; within five minutes of their first appearance not a wolf was to be seen. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy. The boy, after playing till he was weary, had lain down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found him and covered him with leaves, until he could bring his comrades to the feast, but himself had furnished the repast.

## CHINESE EATING HOUSES.

An officer in the French army in China tells us that altogether the exterior appearance of the Chinese restaurants is simple, they nevertheless give very tolerable dinners. The higher classes of the Chinese always dine at home, but eating houses abound, patronized by the less wealthy classes. The private rooms of these establishments are comfortably fitted up with good divans, cushions, arms-chairs, a lamp always lighted, and the opium pipe ready for those who wish for it. The establishment of Toun Tzan, the best in Tien Tsin, is the most noted in that city. Before each guest are placed a small saucer, two chopsticks, a short two-pronged fork, tea spoons, and two or three squares of gray paper.

In Europe, there are napkins, but no knives; all the meat being served in very thin slices. At a grand dinner given to themselves by the French officers, at his restaurant, the celebrated Toun Tzan, who condescended to wait on the guests in person, poured out three cups of tea for each to provoke appetite, and next brought them warm shau chun, a species of wine made from fermented rice, very agreeable in flavor, resembling vermouth, but sweeter. Among the best of the dishes were fish with walnut jelly, fish jelly ragout of blackbirds, bamboo soup, a very delicate omelette, and poultry. The writer says that the Chinese have a thousand other dishes, many of them excellent, which to European cooks are utterly unknown. The Chinese begin their dinners with slices of melons or other fruits, but the true dessert which consists of stewed fruit of many kinds with little cakes, terminates the repast, as it does in Europe. Bread is unknown in China; being replaced among the lower classes by boiled rice, among the higher by a kind of fritter. Three more cups of tea, and a washing of mouths and hands, and the meal is finished, every one leaving, unless intending to smoke opium. The whole entertainment costs about half a dollar.

It has been erroneously stated that no wine is to be found in China; there are, on the contrary, several very good Chinese wines, particularly one made from maize, and another made from the jujube, which some persons who tasted it at the Emperor's summer palace took for port; only finding their mistake when they came upon a jujube, imperfectly dissolved, at the bottom of the bottle.

A pretty young lady, on being upbraided at an evening party, for dressing so sparingly, in this cold climate, replied—  
 "When dressed for the evening, we girls, now-a-days,  
 Secure an atom of dress on as loose;  
 None blame us—for what is an evening dress  
 But a dress that is suited for us?"

## SOJER MUSIC.

WORDS ADAPTED TO BEATS OF DRUMS, ETC.

From that interesting miscellany of literary gossip, Notes and Queries, we gather the following military stanzas, adapted to the various beats of drum, bagpipe, &c., in use in the army:—

First Bugle for Dinner.  
 "Officers' wives, get your puddings and pies;  
 Soldiers' wives, get your rations.  
 Rations and pies,  
 Rations and pies.  
 Officers' wives, &c.  
 Also the call for orders:—  
 "Come for orders, come for orders,  
 Come for orders, come;  
 Come for orders, come;  
 Come for orders, orderlies all!"

The following words are applied to that confounded "rattapanning" that goes on about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, in places where soldiers resort:—

"Go to bed, Tom; go to bed, Tom;  
 Drunk or sober, go to bed, Tom."  
 There is another elegant march but we know not to what particular beat it is applied:—

"What will you do with the drunken soldier?  
 What will you do with the drunken soldier?  
 So early in the morning!"

Put him in the guard-house till he gets sober,  
 Put him in the guard-house till he gets sober,  
 So early in the morning.

What will you do with him when he's sober?  
 What will you do with him when he's sober?  
 So early in the morning!"

Give him three dozen at the triangles,  
 Give him three dozen at the triangles,  
 So early in the morning."

Quarter Dress.  
 "Fifteen minutes to live, to live,  
 Fifteen minutes to live."

This is a warning beat, indicating that the parade will form in a quarter of an hour.

Sergeant's Call (for parade).  
 "Sergeants all, sergeants all,  
 Don't you hear the sergeant's call?"

This would imply that the sergeants are too obtuse to recognize their own call, but of course it is a libel on the rank to say so.

Follow-up Call.  
 "Shoulder your shovel, and quick come dig;  
 Shoulder your shovel, John Todd.  
 Shoulder your shovel, ne'er think of the hod,  
 And work with a will, John Todd."

No Parade.  
 "There is no parade to day;  
 There is no parade to day;  
 There is no parade,  
 For our brigade,  
 For our brigade,  
 To-day."

The music (?) of this call is decidedly the prettiest in the service; and it is used whenever any circumstance, such as a storm, necessitates the suppression of the parade and its consequent drills.

Dinner Call.  
 "Come, pick them up, pick them up—  
 Hot potatoes, hot potatoes;  
 Pick them up, pick them up,  
 Hot potatoes, hot potatoes—all."

Working Call.  
 "I called him, I called him—  
 He wouldn't come, he wouldn't come;  
 I called him, I called him—  
 But he wouldn't come at all."

One more specimen, and these notes must close:—

Stable Call.  
 "Oh, come to your stable—  
 Work while you're able—  
 Water your horses and give them some corn.  
 If you don't do it,  
 The colonel shall know it,  
 And you shall be punished according to law.  
 So come to your stable—  
 Work while you're able—  
 And water your horses, and give them some corn."

AN OLD LAW CONCERNING PUNISHMENT OF DEATH BY THE POETS.—If I mistake not, in poetry no woman is to kill a man, except her quality gives her the advantage over him, nor is a servant to kill the master, nor a private man, much less a subject to kill a king, nor on the contrary. Poetical decency will not suffer death to be dealt to each other by such persons whom the law of duel allow not to enter the lists together. There may be circumstances that alter the case, as when there is a sufficient ground of partiality in an audience, either upon the account of religion (as Rinaldo, or Ricardo in Tasso might kill Soliman, or any other Turkish King or great Sultan), or else in favor of our country, for then a private English hero might overcome a King of some rival nation.—*Tragedies of the Last Age.*

HOW CLEVERMEN CAME TO WEAR BLACK.—In the year 1324, Luther laid aside the monk's costume, and henceforth dressed according to the fashion of the world. He chose black clothes; and consequently the color has become the fashion of the clergy. His reason for choosing this color was, the Elector of Saxony took an interest in him, and now and then sent him a piece of black cloth—being at that time the court fashion; and because Luther preferred, so his scholars thought it became them to wear the same color as their master. From that time black has been the color mostly worn by the clergy.

IN OLD DAYS.—In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now; but yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.—*Miss Marner.*

## VIOLET:

OR,

## THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

## CHAPTER LXIV.

Philip Avon was right. It was no phantom that he, attended by Tubal Kish and two officers, followed in the Chase. It was in truth Erla on his way to pay a visit to the old library once more, less with the anticipation that he should again meet Lady Maud than with the hope that investigations which he intended to pursue would result in discoveries important to himself.

He had slept long and soundly in Violet's chamber in the old tower, and when he awoke, refreshed and strengthened by his slumber, he found a repast of a simple kind, but clean and palatable, spread upon a table near to him.

Having partaken of it, he sought Eldra, but could not discover her; he called to her, but the tower only echoed his voice.

He stood at the window and watched the moon rise. As he did so he thought of his past night's adventure, what he had heard in the picture-gallery, what he had seen in the library—for though, in the latter place, all that he had witnessed appeared to be the wild workings of an excited brain enwrapped in a dream, it was yet vividly remembered, and was in all respects so striking in its suggestions, and so marvellous in its portents, as to urge him powerfully to seek a repetition of the wonders in his waking hours, or at least some confirmation that the dream was in reality an inspired vision.

As he marked the progress of the moon as it sailed grandly and silently across the heavens, frosting the slow-moving tree tops with its silvery light, there suddenly occurred to his memory the strange, low, long drawn, thrilling note of the horn which Violet had softly whined to bring Cyril Kingswood to her side—a sound which, when he heard it, had so moved him. He started as though even now it sang in the air with a prolonged and quivering note; and he listened with intense attention, but nothing caught his ear save the sorrowful wail of the wind as it sighed through alley, brake and covert.

The illusion, if such it was, served to bring to his memory a throng of incidents somewhat of a saddening character. When he heard that note he stood in Kingswood Hall full of hope and aspiration, glowing under the first ardent impressions of love, and burning beneath the smart of undesired insult; eager to establish those undefined rights which Ishmael had so sternly informed him it was his duty to assert, and deeply anxious to occupy the position which an inward and uncontrollable feeling told him he was entitled to fill. Then he had daily access to Lady Maud—then he could watch a fair, refined countenance, note its delicate mutations, its clear, ingenuous expression, and the soft and exquisite rising blush when her eye met his.

For the moment an immature wish rose up in his breast that he had pursued a different course, followed the counsel of Cyril Kingswood, and tided over his quarrel with Philip Avon, and remained at Kingswood. But, as the pale, halting face of the son of Black Walter of Hawkesbury presented itself to his vision, he scouted the wish, and felt rejoiced that he had pursued the path the promptings of his nature had directed. He preferred his present position, and proudly accepted all its risks past and to come, its incertitude, and its indications of future struggles.

The revelations of Eldra occupied also a very prominent space in his thoughts, for they, he felt convinced, referred to his mother. It seemed quite clear to him that the Erla named by the old woman was his long unknown parent, and he was moved to this conclusion by the chain of circumstances which seemed ready prepared to his hand.

Eldra related that Lord Kingswood, upon whom his presence had made so powerful an impression, had in early life by accident encountered Erla, and had become enamored with her beauty. He had repeatedly sought her and whispered words of love in her ears. When removed from the Chase to Huntingford he had followed her and had prevailed upon her to fly with him thence, and they were married.

A deadly sickness seemed to seize him.—Eldra, though she had stated that a marriage had taken place, appended to it a qualifying "but." But what? Was he to draw the inference that the marriage, in some way, had been invalidated, and that he was truly a nameless creature, a living evidence of his mother's shame, his only inheritance her wrongs? He bit his lips until the blood came, and clenched his hands until the nails penetrated the flesh.

A horrible confirmation of the fact appeared to exist in the part Vernon had played.—He had characterized himself as the truest friend Erla's mother had known; he had betrayed the most intensely vindictive feeling towards Lord Kingswood and all connected with him, save himself, Erla.

It was Ishmael who had taken upon himself the charge of his education, and it was he who, at an appointed day and hour, brought him before Lord Kingswood, an object at once of terror and despair.

The bitterness and the hatred which Ishmael evinced when even the name of Lord Kingswood was mentioned, might be traced to the very possible circumstance that Ishmael had loved Erla too; that he had entertained some impression that his suit was favored, and at this very period Lord Kingswood had snatched her from him. If he had loved her deeply and passionately, it was not surprising that he should possess feelings of the deadliest animosity against Lord Kings-

wood, and should do his utmost to blast his happiness in return; but at the same time all these possibilities and suppositions seemed to confirm his worst apprehensions. If Lord Kingswood had been legally married to his mother, what possible reason could there exist that he should be up to this moment not only unacknowledged, but absolutely repudiated by his father? Whereas, if they were not legally united, the object of the mystery and secrecy was plain enough.

He found it exceedingly painful and unpleasant to pursue these reflections, deeply interesting to him as the question was which they involved. He felt, however, that it would be necessary to follow up the clue he had obtained as immediately as possible, for the doubt upon his birth was as maddening as to clear it from stain would be blissful.

He saw clearly enough that upon the issue depended his future intercourse with Lady Maud. Honorably born, no matter under what occult circumstances, he could without reserve invite her to become his; but if his birth had taken place beneath a cloud of disgrace, farewell to her—to hope—to all the honors, awards, position the world might have to bestow. Of legitimate birth, he could dare and defy any trial fate might have in store for him; basely born, he would not struggle against the smallest eddy in the stream of life, but let its current bear him e'en where it pleased.

He remembered that Eldra had spoken of the archives of the Kingswood family. He felt it would be important to him to make himself master of them, and the incitement to visit the old library, in which she stated they were kept, was thus increased. Provided with a lamp, he believed that he could, in the dead hour of the night, roam the old library at will, could search for the volumes he was anxious to examine, pore over their pale and musty pages, make himself master of their contents, and when he had extracted all the information they could afford him, he could then return to the tower and learn from Eldra all she had left unsaid, all indeed, that she could communicate to him, which would not only serve to convince him that Erla was his mother, but would assure him that she had been rightfully married to Lord Kingswood.

In this hour of cogitation, so full of solicitude and disquieting thoughts, he did not forget old Pengrep's extraordinary recognition of him at Gray's Mount, his subsequent statement that he had watched his progress throughout his school-life, and his gratuitous statement that he was his friend, his devoted friend.

"He must know much," he muttered.—"Employed and trusted by Ishmael for years, he can, without doubt, fill up any gap which may occur in the researches I am about to make. I will seek him. My destiny is near receiving its final decision. Everything which has happened since I quitted my school-home—everything by which I am surrounded—assures me that 'the dawning must be night,' to which the ruffian Tubal Kish and the old woman residing here have respectively referred. Let it come; but may Heaven in its infinite beneficence cause it to be the herald of a bright day."

The evening wore slowly on, and unable to endure the troubled thoughts which incessantly succeeded each other in his mind, accompanied by wild, fantastic images, and a strange, nervous thrilling through his frame, he quitted the room, and made one more in effectual search for Eldra, and then passed out into the Chase, drawing the door closely after him.

His swiftness of foot, and his knowledge of the secret entrance to the subterranean passages which led into Kingswood Hall, enabled him to baffle Philip Avon, and his myrmidons—for a time at least.

He adopted the brushwood entrance in preference to the old postern door, because he knew the hour of midnight had not arrived, and though never after nightfall were any of the domestics known to approach the ancient portion of Kingswood Hall, he wisely determined not to incur any hazard of being seen even by Tubal Kish, whose ferocious scowl, although it was mingled with an expression of awe, he had noted that day as indicating sanguinary intentions against him if he could only be certain that he was actually flesh and blood, and not the shadowy phantom said to haunt the Chase.

He little dreamed, however, that the wisdom of this precaution saved him from being seized, brutally maltreated, dragged like a felon to the common lock-up at Hawkesbury, and subjected to the tender mercy of Black Walter Avon, acting under the malevolent influence of his son.

Once more he stood alone in silence and in darkness in the ancient library, this night resolved, if possible, not to give way to the feelings which the solemnity of the place, the hour, and certain appearances, really natural, but apparently supernatural, were calculated to inspire, but to concentrate his mind upon his enterprise, and to question whatever his eyes beheld, until he had, by close investigation, determined what it really was.

And now alone, calm and resolved, he detected that the strange, lurid light which filled the extensive chamber, was occasioned by the rays of the moon forcing their way through the dim, dust-encrusted, lozenge-shaped windows, and that, therefore, the unearthly glare which had enabled him to see every object so distinctly in the picture-gallery on the previous night had its origin in the same cause. Its abrupt withdrawal had been effected by the sudden whirl of a storm-cloud before the face of the moon; and the tints of rose bloom and livid blue which had seemed successively to lend a natural glow and a ghastly aspect to the portrait of Kingswood of Kingswood was but the dyes of the stained glass in the windows, as in turns, the light falling through them, cast their hues upon the visage. He said as he remembered what thrilling effects had thus been produced from very natural causes. While yet a contemptuous curl rested upon his lip, he turned his eyes upon



the statue of the Lady Maud, and the face so exquisitely chiselled seemed to look corpse-like and ghastly from the pale blue tint of the dye which was thrown by the glass upon it.

Again a smile curled his lip, but it faded away, the blood rushed back to his heart, and a cold thrill ran through every nerve in his frame as he suddenly heard the rustle of silk sweeping past him, and the light beat of small feet pattered on the floor, the sound growing fainter as they receded, until he could no longer distinguish them.

Whatever natural causes might have produced some startling effects, here was one which much disconcerted him. For this, at least, his reasoning faculties declined to furnish him with an explanation. It was the third time he had heard these strange, thrilling sounds, and heard them distinctly, too.

His sight to the end of the library was unimpeded; the atmosphere, it was true, was something hazy, but it was yet clear enough to assure him that no visible object had passed him and proceeded down the centre of the apartment. He heard his heart beat as audibly as he felt it throb violently, and this, perhaps, because he was unable to fathom the meaning of what he heard. It was not a delusion of the eyes, for he had seen nothing, nor of the imagination, for he had heard the sounds distinctly, not once, but thrice, in different places and under dissimilar circumstances.

He laid his clenched hand upon his swelling breast, and murmured, with deep emotion—

"My life upon it, the vision of last night was no dream; the wild and singular mysteries by which I am surrounded; the awful visions connected along with the traditional history of this House, which present themselves to me when in a state not of sleep, but of ecstasy; the successive corroborations of my resemblance to the most noted of the race, not less than to Lord Kingswood—all tend to confirm me in the belief that I am the heir of the race; and are so many incitements to me to set about the task to establish it; and in spite of all hazards, natural or supernatural, I will attempt it. If I am to lift the doom from this stricken House, it is needful that I should make myself master of the history of the circumstances which wrought it and what must be done to remove the curse which seems clinging to the innocent and to the guilty alike? And so for the archives!"

As the last whispered words fell from his lip, he kindled his lamp, and at the very instant the wick shot up into a flame the bell of the turret-clock gave forth the third stroke which proclaimed the hour of midnight. At each stroke the sonorous tone of the bell rang quivering through the building, and seemed to add greatly to the solemnity of his situation. He, however, stood calm and self-possessed, resolved to suffer no emotions of horror or awe to interfere with the prosecution of his purpose.

It must not be imagined that he overlooked the questionable character of his position or his proceedings. He was here like a thief in the night, an unbidden, unwelcome visitor. Taking advantage of the superstition of the domestics and the solemn hour of the night, he had stolen into this reputed haunted old library, and was about to search and to ransack over receptacles, books, and papers, without having the permission, and, indeed, in defiance of what he knew to be the wishes of Lord Kingswood; but he justified himself by the exceptional character of his condition, with the conviction that he was suffering under great wrongs—wrong which would remain unatoned unless he obtained their redress, and the only path open to him to accomplish it was that which he was now pursuing.

He took his lamp in his hand, and commenced to examine the various large tomes which were ranged along the shelves, the backs dusty and discolored, but the lettering upon them yet plainly legible, with the intention of finding where the archives of the family rested.

His anxious search was after some time rewarded by the discovery of the important volumes; and he found, on examining them, that a volume was devoted to the life of each baron. He ran his finger impetuously along the back of each book to find that one which recorded the achievements, and probably recounted the crimes and the follies of that Baron of Kingswood whose name he bore. He was grievously disappointed to find it was not there. He looked hastily through the succeeding volume, but he found within it but one allusion to Erle, Baron of Kingswood, surnamed "The Bad." The records were painful. Bertram of Kingswood, who succeeded Erle, appeared to have lived a wild, reckless life, and to have met a violent death at the hands of one Sir Philip Avon, of Hawkesbury, whose father, known in the county as "Black Walter," had, in mortal combat, slain Erle, Baron of Kingswood.

Erle was somewhat startled to find the name of Philip Avon there recorded, especially in connection with deeds of blood—not that, judging by the character of the descendant, who bore the same name, this ought to have surprised him, but at the coincidence that he—a Kingswood, for he had no doubt of that now—had been engaged in sanguinary contest with an Avon, and had yet, he felt, to pass through the ordeal of another desperate encounter with him.

A long and vain search for the missing volume decided him in the impression that it had been purposely removed, perhaps destroyed. Old Erle had spoken of a gap in the history, and this was no doubt the one of which she had spoken.

It seemed, however, improbable to him that the book had been lost or mislaid. No doubt it had been frequently referred to, and therefore the probability that some one of those who, since the death of Bertram, had succeeded to the title, had placed it under lock and key in some secure place, unknown, perhaps, to those of the line who had followed him.

Erle suddenly remembered the antique chest, and a thought flashed through his mind that it might be there.

A vague impression seized him that he had

looked within the chest, and there had beheld a sight which curdled his blood with horror; but he tried to chase it away, as if it was some wild, dreamy fancy, and he slowly advanced towards the tall, ancient, grim-looking piece of furniture, with the intention of examining the contents, even if they should prove to be of a nature to paley him.

As he reached it he started back in wonder, for he saw rise up slowly from its side a grey, dusky figure, which for an instant kept a bowed attitude, and then suddenly flung off from its head the folds of a mantle, and discovered the face of old Erle. Her eyes seemed to gleam with a supernatural light, and in a low, solemn tone, said: "What seek you here?"

He instantly recognized her, and as instantly recovered his composure. "That which you told me I should find within this chamber," he answered.

"What is that?" she asked.

"The history of Erle, Baron Kingswood of Kingswood," he rejoined.

She shook her head. "I told you not that," she replied hoarsely. "The records of his life live only in that statue of THE UNAVENGED." She pointed to that of Lady Maud. "In the blood-stained staircase of the forest lodge, in the terrible date which glitters upon your pedestal, upon this chest, upon your crimson-stained window-panes, in the doom which yet clings to the House. His life was written in his acts; but those acts were so hidden and secret, save in their dreadful results, that unless he himself committed them to paper they are yet unwritten."

"What were his crimes?" inquired Erle.

"They are unknown excepting to Him to whom all things are known," she replied.

"You mystify me," he said impatiently.

"What of those dreadful results? Surely they gave some clue to the crimes?"

"No," she answered, laconically.

"What were they?" he replied. "Communicate them to me. I may, perhaps, find a thread which may lead me to the facts."

She approached him closely.

"Know you not in whose presence you stand?" she asked, with singular emphasis.

He raised his hand heavenward, and said: "In the presence of Him whom alone I fear."

She pointed again to the statue. "I am fluttering on the borders of another world, and I see what you cannot see," she said, with deep solemnity in her voice. "She, the Lady Maud, a sad, sorrowful, me, palpable spirit, stands there regarding you with wistful, melancholy eyes; and there," she added, turning abruptly, and pointing to the centre of the chamber, "a gloomy, misty shadow, stands him who has doomed the race; and it is in their presence you would have recited his dire crime, and her bitter, unatoned wrongs?"

He could not help a thrill running through his frame as she spoke with marked and earnest emphasis and motioned with her finger almost vehemently. He mechanically turned his head in the direction in which she was pointing, even as if he expected to see the phantom of which she spoke; but no dusky, horrible-looking shadow stood between him and the opposite wall.

"I see nothing supernatural near to me, dame," he said; "I recognize the figure of the Lady Maud as a statue, but nothing more. Were, however, the spirits of both before me, now in this silent and solemn hour, it would surely be a fitting time for me to hear the story which has brought the doom upon the House of Kingswood, and by it learn, perhaps, how the unavenged may be avenged and rest in peace."

He started as he concluded, and once more every nerve in his body thrilled, for close to him he heard the sound of rustling silk and the soft pattering of a light footstep. "Heard you that sound, dame?" he exclaimed, in a sharp, hissing whisper.

She clutched his arm, and said, in as low a tone as his own. "See where she sweeps along. She points to the hunting-lodge with impatient gesture. She is gone."

As she concluded, the old woman bowed her head upon her trembling hands. He waited until he had somewhat recovered his own self-possession, and then said, hurriedly, "The story, dame? What are the cruel wrongs of Lady Maud, and how can they be avenged?"

"If that were known they would long since have been avenged," she returned, with a groan. "All I can tell you I have gathered

from traditional fragments, handed down verbally by those who have successively inhabited in misery and degradation, like myself, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase. It is supposed that Erle of Kingswood himself wrote the records of his crime, and that he concealed them in a small ebony box, which he secreted, no one has ever been able to discover where—"

"A small ebony box?" exclaimed Erle, breathlessly.

"Aye," answered Erle, "the counterpart is represented in the portrait at the hunting-lodge. Every Kingswood having access to this library, has searched in vain for it. I, who have secret access to this place, by a way and by means I may not divulge, have searched this library over and over in the still night-time, with the phantom of Erle of Kingswood following my movements and glaring at my fruitless labors."

"The history of the doom of Kingswood within that box?" ejaculated Erle, clutching the one he had found in the gallery, and a remembrance flashed through his mind that he had seen within it a roll of vellum.

"So saith tradition," responded the old woman. "The Kingswood, male or female, who discovers that box, will possess the secret of lifting the doom, and may hope to end his days in calm happiness. The spot yet by me unsearched is yonder ancient chest, but, alas! I have no means of opening it—"

"Hark!" whispered Erle, suddenly, "there is the beat of footsteps upon the staircase. Follow me."

Erle had concluded, the old woman, who appeared to have caught the sound too, darted with an agility which surprised him to a dark corner of the library, and appeared to vanish. He himself suddenly extinguished his lamp, and took his way to the secret door which had admitted him, and by which he could regain the ancient apartment adjoining him.

He had barely stepped through the opening and closed the door, and the spring with a sharp click, had sprung into its place, when he heard the hurried tramp of many men echoed by the vaulted roof of the old library.

Through a small crevice in the door he was enabled to catch a glimpse of the ghastly visage of Philip Avon as he flashed past him filled with malignity. There was a smile of rancorous vengeance upon it, which boded evil to Erle if he encountered him, but as he noted, a smile of intense scorn quivered his upper lip, and he moved slowly away.

"I will rest within the old chamber," he said, musingly, "they will not look for me there, and when the fruitless search has ended, I will return thither and peruse the manuscript I have within this strange old box."

He seemed instinctively to know the sudden incursion into the library was intended for himself. He was at a loss to imagine how Philip Avon should have discovered his presence at Kingswood, but he thought of him and of the circumstances with a species of pathetic contempt, when it would have been wisdom to have displayed the greatest circumspection.

He entered the ancient bed-chamber, the darkness was intense, but he had no difficulty in finding the great old-fashioned bed. He flung himself upon it with the intention of resting for an hour wrapped in thought. He sank into a profound slumber.

He dreamed!

He was in the Chase, the moonbeams lit up the trees with their cold, silver light. He stood suddenly face to face with the phantom Baron of Kingswood, and the spectre shrank from him; he followed it through glade and alley, brake and thicket; at last it paused and stood before the door of the old hunting-tower. It broke into a wild, discordant laugh, which grated so harshly and discordantly upon his ears, that he—awoke.

Awoke to find the eyes of Philip Avon gleaming in his own, to see his sallow face, yet more pale and livid with intense vindictiveness, turned towards him at the foot of the bed, while there was a dozen other eager faces crowding round, gazing upon him with looks of half-frighted astonishment.

## CHAPTER LXV.

The day had long since dawned, the sun



THE UNAVENGED.

was high, and its beams streamed into the old apartment in long lines of golden dust, lighting withal all the objects within it, and making only too plain to Erle's eyes the visage of those by whom he was surrounded.

At first—for an instant only—he imagined the scene upon which now he gazed to be but another phase of his dream; but a repetition of Philip Avon's burst of exulting, scornful laughter, awakened him to a sense of his position.

He gave a hasty glance around him, and then, with a sudden bound, leaped from the bed, and before his movements could be arrested, dashed into the adjoining apartment, and once within there, stood fiercely at bay.

His sudden springing up and dash at the door was unexpected, and startled the already superstitiously affected servants, who, with a shout of alarm, gave back so that his escape from the room was unimpeded. Not so Philip Avon, for, with a loud shout, he rushed after Erle, and stood in the doorway of the adjoining apartment to bar his further egress. The domestics and the two officers, Hamrogue and Picket, blundered in after him, and crowded round him, not one volunteering to seize him.

With a somewhat bewildered yet haughty look, Erle regarded them, but without speaking. He was recalling to his mind the circumstances which had led him to the old bed-chamber, and how he had suffered himself to be thus entrapped. Philip Avon, however, broke the silence. With his usual coarseness, he said,

"That is your Tom-cat ghost, that is the monkey spectre, who has been prowling about in the dead of the night trying the plate-chest and the trinket-cases. Here is your mighty ghost of the bad Baron of Kingswood. Look at him, a common thief and night-burglar, a sneaking, pitiful, common, thieving rogue."

Erle turned a fierce, flashing glance upon him. "Forward and bound!" he cried, between his set teeth. "We have yet an account to settle so deep that it is unnecessary for you to add to it."

"Aye, I have an account to settle with you, you underbred whelp!" roared Philip Avon, passionately; "but it is an account you shall liquidate in the horsepond, at the cart's tail, in chains and felon servitude."

Erle waved his hand in scornful contempt, and turning to the domestics, he said, "Wherefore is this demonstration? Why am I thus surrounded in so threatening a manner? If the reason for my presence here is required, I will answer it to the person alone entitled to demand it, no other."

Philip Avon laughed hoarsely. "You will answer it to a justice of the peace first, and then to a judge at session," he rejoined. "We do not ask you a reason for being here, we know it—robbery is your object."

Erle bit his lower lip hard, but he disdained to reply to this outrageous insult. He resolved, however, when the time came, not to forget to exact reparation for it.

Again he addressed the domestics, and said, haughtily, "Lord Kingswood alone has the right to ask of me wherefore I am now beneath a roof to which I have a claim but second to his own."

Philip Avon laughed insultingly.

"To him alone will I explain the cause of my appearance here," concluded Erle, unheeding his taunting laugh.

"A claim to be beneath this roof?" cried Philip Avon, contemptuously. "You shall have a claim to reach it. Ho! there, boys, a blanket. We will treat him to an outside view of the pinnacles and turrets. We will toss him opposite the window of the Lady Maud; her ladyship affects our country sports, and she will be delighted to see this fellow's elevated notions have full play."

A scarlet band suddenly appeared upon the forehead of Erle, and he turned like a furnished lion towards Philip Avon, who, seeming to divine his intention, cried out, "Seize him! seize him, and hurry him out!"

Mr. Picket advanced instantly to roughly collar Erle, but the latter hurried him to the ground with a tremendous crash, so that he lay upon it half-stunned. As he moved forward impetuously, the servants gave ground, but Philip Avon sprang forward and confronted Erle, who dashed his fist in his face with such force and violence, that he, too, measured his length upon the floor, completely stunned by the blow. Hamrogue, however, accustomed to frays, was an old soldier at these kind of struggles, and therefore suffered Erle to attack both Picket and Philip Avon before he made a movement, but at the very moment Erle delivered his last blow, he rushed in behind him and plied him with his fists, and before he had power to help himself, he underwent the indignity of being hand-cuffed.

He was then seized by the collar and the wrists by half a dozen of the men and hurried violently along the corridors and other passages leading to the principal staircase.

The tramping of feet and the hubbub of excited voices created considerable commotion, and as is usual in such cases, those who were loth to commence the attack were the most active now they were beyond the reach of harm. They used a great deal of unnecessary violence, and but for the extraordinary strength which Erle exhibited, they would probably have thrown him down and trampled upon him with blundering barbarousness.

They were brought, however, abruptly to a stand still by a loud, sonorous, and authoritative voice. It was that of Lord Kingswood. He was dressed in travelling attire, and had that moment only arrived from London.

At the sound of his voice the hubbub ceased, the footmen fell back, and Erle stood alone and handcuffed, with Mr. Hamrogue slightly in the rear, a low, cunning smile of approbation upon his peculiarly unattractive countenance.

Erle's eyes fastened like a glittering star upon Lord Kingswood; he held himself proudly erect. "Is it by your lordship's desire that I am seized beneath your roof and manacled as a common marauding ruffian?"

The domestics, as he spoke, observed the striking resemblance both in features and voice which he bore to Lord Kingswood, and they began to conceive that they had been actively employed in committing a very unfortunate mistake, the onus of which they were promptly prepared to fling upon any shoulders but their own, and they quietly shuffled yet further back.

"What is the meaning of this extraordinary scene?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, confusedly, half paralyzed by the unexpected appearance of Erle, and in such a situation.

There seemed to be a fatality attending his meetings with this boy. They always occurred under circumstances either of extreme annoyance to him, or were calculated in some way to humiliate, if not to terrify him.

Armed with his papers relative to his marriage with Erle, of Kingswood Chase; inwardly convinced that Lady Kingswood could not now obtain any evidence in support of her suspicions respecting Erle's paterfamilias, he had formed the sudden determination to visit her at Kingswood Hall, extract—may demand—from her an explanation of the emotions of repugnance and aversion she had recently displayed towards him; persist in the first story he told her about Erle, and defy her to disprove his statement.

On arriving at Kingswood Hall this was the first incident which met him, and his excitement at this, in the most unforeseen manner, encountering the very object whose relation to himself he had arrived to disavow, may be perhaps better imagined than described.

Before any one could reply to his lordship's question, Erle again almost fiercely demanded if he had given instructions for him to be seized and treated thus.

Lord Kingswood looked around him bewildered, and said—"Will no one unravel this mystery?"

Philip Avon at this moment came up, his face deadly pale, his eyes bloodshot, and a lump on his forehead almost as big as an egg. A most murderous expression was upon his countenance, but on perceiving Lord Kingswood, he stopped short, and said—

"My lord, there is no mystery; we have secured a thief. Your lordship need not trouble yourself about the matter. Leave me to deal with him. I promise you that he shall never again be the subject of difficulty or annoyance to you."

"Lord Kingswood, I am beneath your roof, will you dare to permit me to be longer subject to this outrage?" exclaimed Erle, in a clear, determined voice.

"Of what are you accused?" inquired his lordship.

"Of robbery, your lordship. May it please your lordship, I am the officer, and he is in my custody," observed Mr. Hamrogue.

Erle wrestled with his manacles furiously, and again stretching them forth towards Lord Kingswood, shrieked, rather than said—"Lord Kingswood, will you permit me to be thus shamefully, infamously outraged? Will you suffer your own name to be thus sullied?"

This was rather an unfortunate remark for Erle to make, because it raised an awkward curiosity as to its real meaning. His lordship's eyelids fluttered, and only said—"Have peace for a few minutes. I will hear you, do not doubt."

He turned to Philip Avon, and exclaimed, "Who charges this youth with robbery?"

"I do, my lord," exclaimed Philip Avon, quickly.

"Liar and mongrel!" cried Erle, passionately, the hot tears of rage and shame forcing their way into his eyelids.

Lord Kingswood bent his eyes steadfastly upon Philip Avon, and said—"I hope your charge is well founded."

"It is, my lord," he replied, almost defiantly.

"And that you will be able to prove it," subjoined Lord Kingswood.

"I can, my lord," exclaimed Philip, in the same tone.

Another burst of vehement and indignant denial came from Erle's lips. "Robbery of what, villain?" he cried, in scornful excitement. "Of your courage and your truth, if ever you possessed the spectre of either virtue."

Lord Kingswood waved his hand. "You assert that Mr. Gower has committed a robbery," said his lordship, trying in vain to affect a calmness of manner. "It is a very serious and a very grave charge, and should not be lightly made. Of what does the robbery consist?"

"Lord Kingswood, can you conscientiously believe that I could be guilty of such a shameful act?" interposed Erle, with intense excitement, again making a mad effort to twist asunder the handcuffs. "By your immortal soul, do you believe it? You will not—dare not say that you do?"

"Be silent for the present, Mr. Gower," rejoined Lord Kingswood, "you will find it to your advantage."

"I scorn advantage," exclaimed Erle, flaming at the mouth. "You are sullying my honor, and your own, by suffering me to remain manacled like a malefactor."

"I must hear Mr. Avon," returned Lord Kingswood, in a state of painful embarrassment; and turning to him, said, hastily, "pray, Philip, be brief and to the point. What robbery has Mr. Gower committed?"

Philip Avon dropped his eyes, but he spoke in the same brusque, defiant tone as before.

"It is a mere petty larceny theft, my lord," he said. "He stole the pistol and some other weapon belonging to one of the men who are employed on your lordship's estate."

"Is he here?" inquired Lord Kingswood, rapidly.

"No, my lord," cried several of the servants together.

"What is his name?" he inquired in a more stern tone than he had yet used.

"Tubal Kish, and may it please your lordship," said Hamrogue, quickly, anxious that his skill, dexterity, and knowledge should be appreciated.

A growl of rage burst from Philip Avon's lips, and an exclamation from Lord Kingswood. "He turned to Philip, and said, sharply—"Is this so?"

"I believe that is the name, my lord," returned Philip Avon, somewhat sulkily, as he feared that the game was going against him.

A shade of displeasure passed over the features of Lord Kingswood, and he said, in an angry tone, to Hamrogue—"What other evidence have you?"

"None, an' please your lordship," he replied, with a low bow. "But Tubal Kish will swear to it, and he is a regular hard swear—"

"Silence," cried Lord Kingswood, with grating teeth. "Release him instantly; he ought never to have been thus treated."

"Nor perhaps would he, my lord," subjoined Philip, with a scowl, "but for his own violence."

"It is not in the blood of a Kingswood," cried Erle, dashing the handcuffs to the floor as the officer, at the bidding of Lord Kingswood, released him, "to submit patiently to outrages from those beneath them in honor and honesty."

Lord Kingswood started as Philip Avon was about to make a rejoinder, and tried to stay him, but Philip would speak. "My lord," he cried, "I must speak, and I will be heard, aye, and by your lordship, too."

"Follow me to my library," said Lord Kingswood, hurriedly, "and—"

"No, my lord, with all respect, I must peremptorily decline to do so," exclaimed Philip. "Your lordship understands in what relation I stand to you, and how much nearer that relationship is likely to be drawn. I must, therefore, after what has passed, call upon you publicly to disown this fellow or me."

"You speak to me in riddles," cried his lordship, excitedly. "I am quite ready to listen to all you may wish to say to me, but it must be within my own chamber. Follow me."

Lord Kingswood hurried away as he concluded, and Philip Avon pointed to the direction he had taken in an authoritative kind of way, which the servants slowly, and with evident reluctance, obeyed. Erle, however, for a moment hesitated, but for the sake of preventing an unseemly disturbance which might reach the ears of Lady Maud and distress her, he, too, followed to the library, and entered it, taking precedence of Philip Avon, which the latter acknowledged with a sharply bitten lip.

Lord Kingswood, on finding that he was followed by the group, from which he had attempted to escape, peremptorily ordered the domestics and the officer to remain without the library. Philip Avon would again have interfered, but his lordship was so determined that he carried his point.



[illegible]







## Wit and Humor.

### A DISAPPOINTED WOMAN.

A few months since a gentleman had the misfortune to lose his wife, a literary lady of some reputation. After grieving for a number of weeks, a bright idea entered the head of the widower. He thought that he could do something to lessen his sorrow, and for that purpose he called upon a lady of his acquaintance and requested to speak a word with her in private. Thinking that she was about to receive a proposal, the lady prepared to listen with becoming resignation.

"Myrrha," said he with downcast eyes, as he took her hand, "you knew my wife?"

"Certainly."

"It is not good for man to be alone?"

"Perhaps not."

"Did you ever reflect upon that part of the marriage service which requires couples to cleave unto each other till death do them part?"

"I have."

"I have often reflected upon it myself. Now death has parted me from my wife, and I feel very lonely."

"I should think it likely."

"I think I must do something to restore to me her kind consolations, and the memory of her virtues."

He pressed the lady's hand and sighed. She returned the pressure and also suffered a sigh to escape her.

"My dear," he said, after a long pause, "I'll come to the point at once. I have a proposal to make."

"A proposal?"

She blushed and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes, I have concluded to write my wife's biography. Now I have had but little skill in literary exercises, and if you will correct my manuscript, and write the headings of the chapters, I will give you five dollars."

She sprang from his side and her eyes flashed with anger.

"I'll see you hanged first and then I won't, you—you—"

She left the room, not being able to express her feelings. The widower sighed, took his hat and went home. He has not yet published, nor proposed. It was a pity to be so misunderstood.

**"BATING" THE HORSE.**—A gentleman travelling in a horse trap chanced to stop at a small roadside inn, which rejoiced in the possession of a very intelligent Irish ostler. Hanging the reins to this worthy as he alighted, the traveller requested the man to take his horse to the stable, and bait him. "Sure an' I will, your honor," answered the Múselian, briskly, and away he went. In about half an hour the gentleman having refreshed himself sufficiently, naturally concluded that his four-footed servant was in equally good care, and accordingly ordered his trap to the door. The horse was trembling. "What's the matter with my horse?" asked the traveller. "What have you been doing to him?" "Only what yer honor ordered me." "He don't look as if he had anything to eat." "Is it ate yer honor said?" "To be sure." "Sorra the word like it did yer honor say to me. More betoken your honor told me to bate the beast, not to ate him." "Why you stupid rascal, what have you been doing?" "Oh, I just tied him up to the stable with a halter, then out with me stick, and bate him till me arm was used out."

**DR. GARTH AND MICKY.**—Of the stories preserved of Garth's social humor, some are exquisitely droll. Writing a letter at a coffee-house, he found himself overlooked by a curious Irishman, who was impudently reading every word of the epistle. Garth took no notice of the impertinence, until he had finished and signed the body of the letter, when he added a postscript of unquestionable legitimacy.

"I would write you more by this post, but there's a tall, impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time."

"What do you mean, sir?" roared the Irishman, in a fury. "Do you think I looked over your letter?"

"Sir," replied the physician, "I never once opened my lips to you."

"Ay, but you have put it down for all that."

"It is impossible, sir, that you should know that, for you have never once looked over my letter."

**THE BACKSLIDER.**—While attending a meeting during a revival some time ago, I witnessed the following bad 'un. The subject in motion was backsliding. Every one was excited, every one wished to say something about it; one gentleman in particular, with more zeal than prudence, rushed up to a tapersh looking individual on the back seat, and grasping him by the arm, earnestly inquired,

"My dear friend, you are a backslider, are you not?"

"Why, yass," responded the toper, dryly, "I her sild back some, considering the wall, of that want that, I might possibly squeeze another foot. Why, is that any hurry?"

The subject was dropped.

**TOO BAD.**—Miss Betsy Pearl is "fair, fat and forty," and unmarried. She manages to obtain an honest and comfortable living by keeping a small shop of "notions" in the lower part of the city. She is a spruce old dame, and, among other articles, vendes spruce beer. One evening a customer called for a glass of the beverage, inquiring at the same time if it was new made beer.

"No," exclaimed a waggish bystander, just as the worthy dame was about to reply in the affirmative; "I can assure you it is old maid beer."

The wag was soon suddenly to leave the lady's premises with a glass flying after him.

## TO THE POET'S SWEETHEART.

There are some eyes like mountain lakes,  
Reflecting heaven's blue;  
And some like black volcanic gulfs,  
With wild fire flashing through.

But thine are like the eternal skies  
Which draw the soul afar;  
Thy every glance a meteor,  
And every thought a star.

I've rifled lips like cherries sweet,  
(Light sin to him who stole),  
But thine are like the Eden fruit  
Whose theft may cost a soul.

Oh, coral fruit of Paradise!  
Who would not grasp the prize,  
With heaven so near to win him back  
In those eternal eyes?

### THE PATH OF DUTY.

Duty and usefulness protect a man in the midst of danger. The man who has a work to do will live to do it. "Fear not, boatman," said the illustrious Roman in the storm; "you carry Cæsar and his fortunes." The marksman in battle could not hit the heaven-shielded Washington. It was no idle superstition on the part of Napoleon that his destiny preserved him from bullets.

A story is related of William of Orange which illustrates this truth. This ablest and most virtuous of the sovereigns of England—we might almost say of modern Europe—was accustomed to expose himself in battle in a manner which seemed to his followers unwarrantable and reckless. But he did it, not recklessly, but reverently. Macaulay relates that, at the siege of Namur, while the King was coolly giving his orders under a shower of bullets, he saw with surprise and anger, among the officers of his staff, Michael Godfrey, the Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, who had come to head quarters on business, and could not resist the curiosity to witness a battle. Such curiosity William could not endure.

"Mr. Godfrey," he said, "you ought not to run these hazards; you are not a soldier; you can be of no use to us here."

"Sir," answered Godfrey, "I run no more risk than your Majesty."

"Not so," said William, "I am where it is my duty to be; and I may without presumption commit my life to God's keeping; but you—"

While they were talking, a cannon ball fell and laid Godfrey dead at the King's feet.

**THE BLESSING OF SCORCHING.**—A north light is cold, searching, and unemotional, and tries both complexion and the heart; it reveals grey hairs and the first faint footprints of the bird of ill-omen in the corners of the eye, with appalling distinctness. The flowers on the carpet are duller, for it has not a tint to lend; except the light of early morning nothing is less complimentary than a northern morning. But a room that the sun is not permitted to look into at all should be without a door—it is unfit for human occupancy. Even the flowers will grow pale and be frightened to death in it. The primary object of a window is not for the sons of man to look out, but for the sun to look in. Pleasant sunshine not only brightens a man's buttons, but his heart; it makes his spirits as cheerful as the landscape. He cannot live and be happy—he cannot be happy without it. White is not beauty, any more than a melancholy blue is the "color of virtue," and yet the libane dodging of the sun has its origin in some such optical delusion.

**HIGH STEPPERS.**—High stepping carriage horses are now scarce, though greatly prized in London, and the world wonders why they are not more to be met with. This is simply an affair of training. In the north of Germany, whence these horses are chiefly imported, you may frequently see the animals exercising on the high roads, caparisoned like the knight's charger of old with heavy clothing, wearing no blankets but large spectacles. These spectacles are strong magnifiers, and each pair is to the eyes of the deluded quipped, appears a granite boulder, so in his youth and ignorance, he lifts up his legs high in the air to avoid their contact, and thus contracts the habit of high stepping so much admired, and for which amateurs pay unheard-of prices.

Appropos to this, the Kentuckian said of his wife, that she was "a high stepper and a gentle goer," and a high spirited yet gentle woman will often be found a high stepper.

**INCREASE IN THE PRODUCTION OF SILVER.**—Statements have appeared saying that a great increase may be expected in the production of silver. It is said that the metal exists in immense quantities, in the form of a natural oxide, in the neighborhood of metallic deposits, and that a ton of ore, which formerly yielded 12 ounces of metal, may, by an improved and inexpensive process, be made to yield from 54 to 216 ounces. There are in Cornwall millions of tons of gangues containing silver, the extraction of which in this country does not pay unless it yields 10 to 12 ounces, and that as much as 54 ounces can be obtained by the new process, which, besides yielding an enormous profit to the capitalists, will open a field of productive industry for hundreds of laborers.

**LIFE'S BALM.**—God over all! How the tired heart falls back upon this, like a babe on its mother's breast. Norebuff there? Ah! were we not so childishly impatient, were we willing to wait His time, instead of demanding our own imperative now? Could we sleep sweetly, and trust Him for the waking. Be the sky bright or cloudy, could we only trust? Ah! many a hard lesson must we learn, many a rebellious tear choke down, many a despairing "why hast thou forsaken me?" still, ere we can learn that sweet, tranquil lesson—"God over all!"

He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.—Proverbs xxix. 1.



CAPTAIN.—Haven't seen you at the Home Guard Drills, for some time, Mr. Smithers?  
VOLUNTEER.—Why, no, Cap. In fact, it is rather fatiguing. But I really think I will step in and take a turn some of these fine evenings.

**MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES.**—This remarkable woman is thus described, as the appeared at a late Presidential levee, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman, a relative of her family.

"Her figure is short and slight, her weight, perhaps, one hundred pounds. She wore a Quaker-colored watered silk dress, cut low over a full bust; the very short sleeves revealed a finely proportioned and fair white arm, that would have graced the belle of the assembly. Though her age is about fifty, no one would estimate it over thirty-five. Her hair, which is black and glossy, was confined in a netting of gold lace, and two long bright curls fell one upon each shoulder. Her eyes are black, restless, and expressive. Two small ostrich plumes, of white and blue, were partially concealed in the dark folds of her hair. Her step is elastic, her manner graceful. She is very conversational with her acquaintances, and her countenance indicates unusual intellectual ability. Thus let your readers form a conception of Mrs. Gaines, as with a magnificent white camelia upon her bosom, she glided round and round amid the gay and happy throng in the great east room of the President's mansion."

**AMERICAN SINGERS IN A QUEER PLACE.**—Letters from Cook's Archipelago give a glowing account of the success of a strolling company of American singers called "The Albiganians," who have been giving a grand concert in the Island of Hawaii, which entertainment was attended by the King, Mahealani, all his grandees, and some 2,000 of his lieges. The sales of tickets yielded 28 pigs, 98 turkeys, 116 fowls, 10,000 coconuts, 5,700 pineapples, 418 bushels of bananas, 600 pumpkins and 2,700 oranges. The fortunate artists were a day and a half in embarking their "receipts." The concert consisted of a vocal quartet and various morceaux executed upon bells of different sizes, from the dimensions of a thimble to those of a bucket. The savages who composed the auditory listened in open-mouthed and motionless admiration to the performance of the march from "Norma," and at the close of the entertainment one of the principal personages rose and gravely complimented the musicians by saying, "We shall never forget you."

**THE BITE OF RABBIT ANIMALS NOT GENERALLY FOLLOWED BY HYDROPHOBIA.**—A fact well worthy of notice is mentioned in the last annual statistics furnished by the General Hospital of Vienna. It would appear that out of 115 persons bitten by animals whose rabid state was clearly made out, only 25 died with symptoms of hydrophobia. As, however, the actual and precise length of the period of incubation in rabies is not known, these figures cannot be completely relied upon; but it is highly useful to note the comparatively small proportion of deaths which occurred after the well ascertained inoculation with the poison.

**NEW IDEAS.**—In a late number of a St. Louis paper we find a novel style of advertisement—as follows—

**ENGLAND.**—Miss Louise Daily, milliner, to John Mowry, carpenter, both of this city.

Why not adopt the fashion elsewhere. How popular a newspaper would be among the young misses if it contained a column or so daily of such announcements. There is nothing near so fascinating in births, marriages or deaths. But what would Mrs. Grundy say?

"Jeannie," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar, "Jeannie, it is a very solemn thing to get married."

"I know it, father," replied the sensible daniel, "but it is a great deal sadder not to."

Wealth has its sorrows, as well as poverty. We heard Diva, who has everything he can wish for, complaining bitterly the other day. "I have a pair of most inconvenient horses," he said, lamenting, "they jib going up hill and bolt going down hill."

Profligacy in taking office is so extreme that we have no doubt public men may be found who, for half a century, would postpone all remedies for a pestilence, if the preservation of their places depended upon the propagation of the virus.

### THE LAST TOUCH.

He did not see me, baby, or know that I was there.  
Didn't know that I was watching him, and close beside his chair;  
His soul was in his work, dear, or it would never be such,  
Such as the world will find it, after the finishing touch.

So spoke the youthful mother, beside her infant's bed;  
So tolled the artist father, for glory and for bread.  
Oh, World, be just but generous, for in each work of art,  
May hang a household's destiny, or bleed a human heart.

**THE GOITY SHOE.**—James Smith used to tell, with great gloom, a story showing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library at a country house, when a gentleman proposed a quiet stroll in the pleasure grounds. "Stroll! why, don't you see my goity shoe?" "Yes, I see that plain enough, and I wish I'd brought one too; but they are all out now." "Well, and what then?" "What then? Why, my dear fellow, you don't mean to say that you really have got the gout?" "I thought you had only put on that shoe to get off being shown over the improvements."

**AN OLD LADY** stepped into one of the stores of New Haven the other day, and after looking for some time at a pile of water pipes lying in the gutter, exclaimed:

"It is indeed an awful state of things when we are obliged to have cannons piled up in our streets."

## Useful Receipts.

**THE VIRTUES OF BORAX.**—The washwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For lace, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff), a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is useful for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentrifice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water: all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary-sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.—*Exchange Paper.*

**RATS.**—To drive and keep rats from corncribs and granaries, place some gas tar in them, and daub some in their holes, and they will leave the premises at once. The tar can be obtained at any place where gas is manufactured for burning, at about six cents per gallon, and a gallon will drive them from the premises.

**PARSIAN MODE OF ROASTING APPLES.**—Select the largest apples; scoop out the core without cutting quite through; fill the hollow with butter and fine soft sugar; let them roast in a slow oven, and serve up with the syrup.

**TO CURE SCROFULOUS SORE EYES.**—Take blue violets, which are growing wild in most places, dig them up, top and root, wash clean, dry them, and make a tea; drink several times a day, wetting the eyes each time, and it will soon cure.

**TRANSPARENTNESS.**—A piece of strong linen silk, &c., stretched on a wooden frame, is done over with a solution of white wax in oil of turpentine, and during the operation a chafing-dish is placed below it, that the liquid may be everywhere equally diffused. Any figures, &c., are then delineated on the cloth, silk, &c., with colors, mixed up with spirits of turpentine.

**SHEPHERD'S DOGS.**—It is very touching to regard the south-country shepherds here for their dogs. Professor Syme one day, many years ago, when living in Forrest street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North-Charlotte street, as if making for his house: it was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr. Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he contrived to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room; he wished advice about some ailment, and Mr. Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain of death. "And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came in to me?" "Oh," said he, looking awkward, "I dinna want Birkie to ken he was tied." Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He didn't want to hurt Birkie's feelings.

We do not know the author of the following sensible couplet, in which there is as much truth as poetry—  
When you rise from your dinner as light as before,  
Tis a sign you've eat just enough and no more.

## Agricultural.

### CROWS AMONG CORN.

One mode of ridding a corn-field of crows is to give them a little strychnine before the corn is up. The crow is such a nuisance—destroying the nests of all small birds—that we cannot say a word in its favor; though he sometimes does a good act, catching mice, and moles, &c.

But if any man have scruples about using poison to destroy an enemy, let them wet their seed corn in tar and water. Many farmers tell us they find this effectual, and that crows will drop the corn from their bills as soon as they smell tar.

A third mode is to hang up scarecrows. But crows are not easily scared with old blankets, hats, and bunting, and it is not safe to trust to show alone. Crows can see what is inside of an old coat, or jacket, as quick as people can. And though horses are often scared by such sights the crows know better. But there is an easier mode than any of these to keep the crows away. Draw a white cotton twine around the field, hitched to stakes four feet high. A large field should have the twine cross it in several places—say into acre lots.

The twine should be drawn around the field so as to embrace every rod of the corn land—for if any is left outside the line the crows will venture there and not fear a net. Another point is to put up the twine before the field is planted, for when they have once tasted the corn, no twine in the shape of a net will keep them away.

Some farmers draw their lines on the tops of high poles; but low ones are better and more easily set.

The cost of twine enough for half a dozen acres is but a few cents, and it is worth more than half price after it has been out a month or more.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

### REARING CALVES AND LAMBS.

It sometimes happens that a young lamb will become so chilled from cold and want of care, that it will appear almost lifeless, and it will be necessary to carry it to the house to warm it. Give it a little milk with a spicing of black pepper in it, but do not put any molasses into the milk; it is very injurious. Where milk cannot readily be obtained, gruel made of wheat flour, is a very good substitute. If there is a tendency to looseness, charcoal or coal from the fireplace pounded fine and sifted, will regulate the bowels immediately; put it in the milk and the lamb never will know it.

I raised a pair of calves with the milk of one cow, by making gruel of Indian meal and water, and kept them in good order by putting a spoonful of coal into their food, as they made a good stout pair of cattle.

I agree with your correspondent R. S. T., that calves will thrive just as well to drink their milk as they will to suck it from the cow, provided they have as good milk. It is usually the case if a calf is to be raised, that the milk is carried to the house and "set" twelve or twenty-four hours, and the cream taken off, which reduces its quality.

If a sheep eats something by which it is poisoned, fine salt is a good remedy; a sheep will refuse to eat it and it must be put down. Last summer we raised a lamb "by hand," and as it ran about freely, it came upon some high laurel which the children had brought to the house for the beauty of its blossoms, and ate some of it, as we suppose; it was found frothing at the mouth and refused to drink; its throat seemed swollen so that it swallowed with difficulty. Some fine salt was given, which caused it to vomit; afterwards we gave salt and water several times. It was three days before it got so as to drink milk as usual.

For the "stretches," I have found lard and molasses a good remedy. Melt it together about equal parts and give it warm; four spoonfuls at a time is enough.—*Boston Cultivator.*

**DETECTING FROZEN SEED CORN.**—John G. Stranahan, Macomb Co., Mich., writes that seed corn injured by freezing, may be detected by closely examining the part of the hull covering the germ of the kernel. When uninjured, the thin skin or hull is smooth over the whole kernel, but if injured by frost, it will be loosened from the kernel, particularly at the germ. It is important to take every precaution in this matter, as hundreds of acres fail every year from imperfection in the seed, much of which is undoubtedly caused by having been frosted before dry. In all cases it is better to sprout a little before planting, to test its goodness.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

## The Riddler.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 36 letters.  
My 4, 23, 3, 17, 32, 25, 39, 35, 56, is one of the United States.  
My 6, 14, 30, 34, 52, 34, 3, 30, is a county in South Carolina.  
My 28, 1, 41, 18, 43, 37, 19, 12, is a town in Texas.  
My 38, 33, 26, 46, 11, 48, 42, 30, 2, is a lake in Louisiana.  
My 36, 5, 7, 31, is a town in Austria.  
My 4, 11, 22, 51, is a cape in Africa.  
My 45, 10, 15, 29, 47, 41, is an island east of China.  
My 53, 54, 55, 56, is one of the United States.  
My 21, 33, 13, 15, 23, 8, 9, is a town in Maine.  
My 27, 50, 21, 40, 43, is a county in Michigan.  
My 32, 30, 16, 31, 39, 34, is a town in Russia.  
My 48, 25, 14, 45, 49, is a river in England.  
My 41, 44, 4, 19, is a river in Egypt.  
My whole is the motto of one of the United States.  
EDWARD NEWTON,  
Newport, R. I.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
When troubles gather thick and fast,  
And sorrow o'er our soul is cast,  
Our heart with pain and grief might burst,  
But for the love of my true first.  
  
If you a wanderer chance to be,  
And travel much upon the sea,  
There with grace and sprightly mien  
My second you have often seen.  
  
My whole's a thing that we should prize,  
Above all things below the skies.  
Jeffersonville, Vt. J. T. R.

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Our noble arm shields my name, required an I for war,  
Recruits I lead and register by military law;  
I'm with them from the very first, their drill I ever tend,  
The sergeant, too, who gives the word, doth on my aid depend.  
Both General and corporal observe me with regard,  
And by each rifle I am seen within the barrack yard.  
Without me not a drum is heard, nor clarion sounding shrill,  
Nor could our colors wave aloft save by my power and will.  
In batteries I'm ever found, in forts and towers I dwell,  
But yet I like our barracks best, though why I will not tell.  
I'm with the soldier on the march, and also on parade,  
With officers of every rank, with troops of every grade.  
I gird with scimitar and sword, with sabre and with spear,  
And some there be that sympathize, who view me with a tear;  
For when I hear the call to arms, I'm ready in reply,  
With undiminished courage to advance amid the direful cry;  
And when the word is given to charge, I aid to rouse the brave,  
And should the soldier fall, I help to form his martial grave.  
When war has ceased I sit in court the brave to recommend,  
Helping to make them pensioners until life's furlough ends.  
Naples, Sept. 10, Ill. J. SIMMONS.

### QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
If 4 acres pasture 40 sheep 4 weeks, and 8 acres pasture 56 sheep 10 weeks, how many sheep will 20 acres pasture 50 weeks, the grass growing uniformly all the time?  
[An answer is requested.  
Middleport.

### MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Suppose a cistern in the form of a conical frustum, 14 inches in diameter at the top, 36 inches in diameter at the bottom, and 60 inches deep, which is full of water. If it be turned over till a straight line drawn from the lower edge of the top to the upper edge of the bottom, exactly coincides with the surface of the water at every point, how many solid inches of the water will be poured out?  
[An answer is requested.  
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

### CONUNDRUMS.

[To whom is the hater of his species invariably wedded? Ans.—To his An. Thropy.  
[At what point do armies generally enter hostile cities? Ans.—At the point of the bayonet.  
[Who is the first woman mentioned in the Bible? Ans.—Jenny Ha.  
[What must always be calculated upon when we paint our houses? Ans.—A brush with the painter.  
[Why cannot high currents run away? Ans.—Because they are tide waters.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—All's Not Gold that Glitters. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Visit of the Prince of Wales. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Poria, Illinois. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—General Winfield Scott. CHARADE.—Anderson. DOUBLE REBUS.—Nauling in China. (Nzami, Aleutian, Nauru, Lough-neagh, Hilmann, Nankin, Garda.) CHARADE.—Bradcock.

Answer to PUZZLE published March 30th. Zaphnath-jeanrah, Gen. 41-45.

Answer to J. F. Hume's PROBLEM published April 27th. Length of rope 36.05. D. Hinn, Jr., Richmond, Ind.

QUESTION for the Readers of the Saturday Evening Post. Where are Gashew and Alpha? An answer is requested. HARP.

A new telegraphic communication is to take place from the government offices in London direct to their ambassador in Paris.